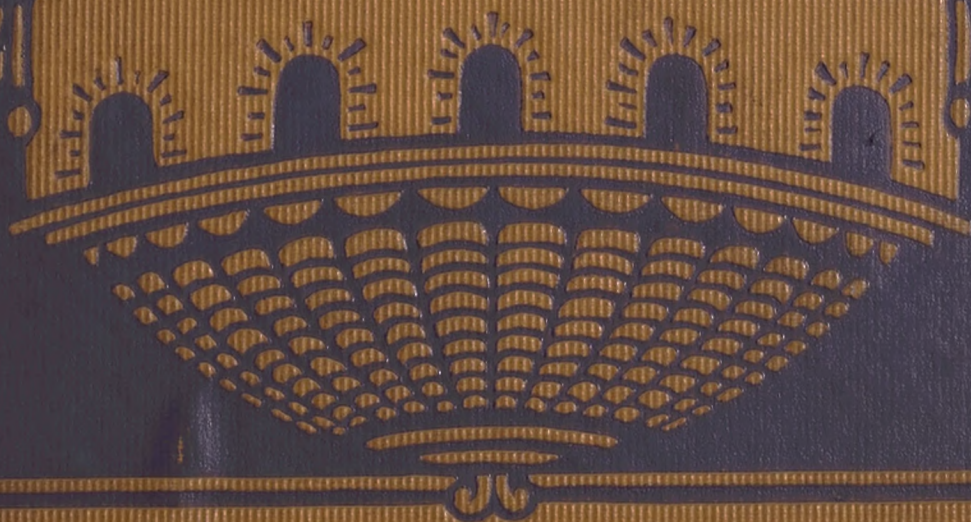




# Let's Pretend

A Book of  
Children's Plays

by  
Lindsey Barbee







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Book A5B265

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**LET'S PRETEND**



**TO HELEN HALLOWELL BARBEE**









"I'M HERE. DO I LOOK LIKE MY PICTURE?" (See Page 29)



# ✓ LET'S PRETEND

## *A Book of Children's Plays*

BY  
LINDSEY BARBEE ✓

AUTHOR OF

*"At the End of the Rainbow," "The Dream That Came True," "The Kingdom of Heart's Content," "The Promise of Tomorrow," "The Thread of Destiny," "A Trial of Hearts," "In the College Days—A Group of Monologues," etc.*

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BUCKTON NENDICK ✓



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no. 2



## PREFACE

“OME—let's pretend!” has been the slogan of all childhood. A few gay feathers have transformed an everyday lad into a savage warrior; a sweeping train has given a simple gingham frock the dignity of a court robe; the power of make-believe has changed a bare attic into a gloomy forest or perhaps into a royal palace.

But the painted warrior must have a war-whoop and must chant his dirge over the trembling paleface; the court lady must summon her retainers, must declare her royal prerogative; the forest must be peopled by fairies and the palace must have its knights and princesses. So—it all becomes a story—a very real story; it must be “acted out” and there must be someone to “look on.” The place—the story—the actors—and the audience. Behold! Our young Thespians have all the elements that, in all ages, have combined to make a play.

May the little men and women who find themselves in the stageland of these pages discover real comrades in the elves and fairies, hold high carnival with the toys and holidays, and renew old friendships with those who roam the Ever-Ever Land. May they follow The Little Pink Lady through the Dance of Childhood, with its gentle grace, its merry turns and its tender fancies; may they emerge from the forest of Every Day, hand in hand with the qualities that make up the good and the beautiful; and may the spirit Believe still lead them on to Grown-up Land!







## CONTENTS

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	PAGE
The Little Pink Lady (6 Girls) . . . . .	11
The Ever-Ever Land (16 Boys, 17 Girls) . . . .	37
When the Toys Awake (15 Boys, 5 Girls) . . . .	55
The Forest of Every Day (5 Boys, 7 Girls) . .	77
A Christmas Tree Joke (7 Boys, 7 Girls) . . . .	105
“If Don’t-Believe Is Changed Into Believe” (21 Boys, 15 Girls) . . . . .	139







**THE LITTLE PINK LADY.**









## CHARACTERS.

ANNE..... *A Maid of Plymouth*  
 MOLLY..... *With a Bit of Irish Blood*  
 PRUDENCE. }  
 PRISCILLA.. } ..... *Puritan Maidens*  
 PATIENCE.. }  
 THE LITTLE PINK LADY..... *From off the Fan*

---

PLACE—*Plymouth.*

---

TIME—*The Early Days of Plymouth Colony,*

---

*Midsummer Eve.*

---

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty-five Minutes.*



## STORY OF THE PLAY.

A group of sober little Puritans test the tradition that a wish made on Midsummer Eve will be granted, and as a result of their daring the little pink lady on an old fan comes to life and leads their frolic. Not only does she give them a glimpse of another world, but she reveals the hiding place of a letter which is destined to bring fortune to one of their number.

---

## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

PRUDENCE, PRISCILLA and PATIENCE are circumspect, conscientious, serious little maids. ANNE is more inclined to frivolity. MOLLY is bright and quick and full of life and energy.

All the girls wear Puritan costumes—dark dresses, white aprons, kerchiefs and caps.

The Little Pink Lady wears an elaborate court costume and carries a small fan. Her hair is powdered.

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## PROPERTIES.

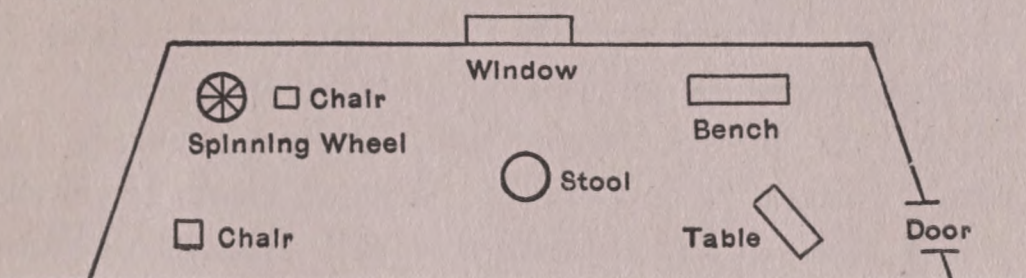
Spinning-wheel, bench, two chairs, stool, table with books and vase of flowers. Fan, on which is a representation of a court lady dressed in pink. Folded paper for inside of fan. Book for Prudence. String of beads for Molly. Small fan for The Little Pink Lady.



# THE LITTLE PINK LADY

---

## SCENE PLOT.



## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of stage; *C.*, center; *L.*, left, *F.*, flat or scene running across the back of the stage, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.







## THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

SCENE: *Room in ANNE's home. Open window C. in F. Door down L. Rough bench L. of C. in F. Table with vase of flowers, books and fan down L. Spinning-wheel and chair R. of C. in F. Straight chair down R. Low stool at center. Plain walls and floor. Stage is illuminated for late afternoon.*

*Discovered, ANNE, gazing out window, with back to audience; PRUDENCE in bench L. of C. in F., reading; PRISCILLA in chair by spinning-wheel; PATIENCE in chair down R.; MOLLY on stool at C., playing with a long string of beads.*

PRUDENCE.

*(Rising and crossing to table.)*

I have repeated my catechism, Priscilla; I have committed the hundredth psalm; I have finished a chapter in "The Lives of the Saints"; (*consciously*); I am well satisfied with the work of the day. (*Lays book on table.*)

PRISCILLA.

And I, Prudence, have put the last stitch in my sampler and have spun me a goodly pattern. (*Lays hand on distaff.*) My distaff and I have let no precious hour be wasted. (*PRUDENCE reseats herself L. of C. in F.*)

PRUDENCE.

*(After a pause.)*

And you, Patience?



## LET'S PRETEND

---

PATIENCE.

*(Primly folding her hands.)*

Before the sun was high I had finished my sweeping and my cleaning. After that I gathered berries and put them in a pie for the noonday meal. Truly, I have used my time to advantage and have accomplished much.

*(All bend their gaze upon MOLLY, who, unconscious of their scrutiny, plays with her beads. Suddenly she looks up and meets their glances.)*

MOLLY.

Faith, and are ye all lookin' at me for news o' my idlin'? Sure, and ye shall have it. I've been huntin' fairy thimbles.

PRUDENCE.

*(Impatiently.)*

Nonsense, Molly.

MOLLY.

And I've found a wishin' well—a real wishin' well.

PRISCILLA.

And what is a wishing well?

MOLLY.

'Tis a little bit of ould Ireland. It's—*(hesitates, turns to look at PRISCILLA, then shakes her head and sighs.)* But you wouldn't understand.

PATIENCE.

*(Primly.)*

Finding fairy thimbles and wishing wells wouldn't take the whole day, would it?



## THE LITTLE PINK LADY

---

MOLLY.

(*Composedly.*)

Oh, no. Part of the time I spent in bargainin'.

PRUDENCE.

(*In amazement.*)

Bargaining?

MOLLY.

Sure and it was a mirror I traded to an Indian for a string o' beads. (*Holds up beads.*)

PRISCILLA.

(*Shocked.*)

That's very wrong, Molly, and the minister would chide.

MOLLY.

Faith and he'll not have the chance.

PATIENCE.

(*Severely.*)

And a *mirror*.

MOLLY.

Aye, a mirror. Sure and it's little need for a mirror that any woman has in this forsaken place.

PRUDENCE.

Molly, you must not talk so. It's *wicked*.

PRISCILLA.

(*Mechanically.*)

This land will never be forsaken, for God has chosen it to be His temple.

PATIENCE.

(*As if repeating a lesson.*)

And here we find the freedom of worship. That's why we came from England.



LET'S PRETEND

---

MOLLY.

It's not my reason for comin'. Afther the death o' my Irish father, my English mother happened to marry a Puritan. (*Sighs.*) So I couldn't help myself.

PRUDENCE.

(*With dignity.*)

I count it your gain, Molly.

MOLLY.

To give up my shamrock and country for—  
*this?* (*Makes wild gesture.*)

PATIENCE.

Has not the exchange brought you the joys of the church?

MOLLY.

And would ye be afther tellin' me what they are? Bein' scolded for a smile, slapped for a yawn and punished for a drowsiness?

PRUDENCE.

(*Reprovingly.*)

If you would pay attention—

MOLLY.

(*Interrupting.*)

Faith, and for the first hour of the preachin' I can stand it, but afther that I'm full of prickles.  
(*Squirms.*)

PRISCILLA.

Why don't you do as *we* do?

MOLLY.

(*Turning and pointing.*)

Turn that wheel from morn till night?  
(*Shakes head.*) No. (*Points to books on table.*)



## THE LITTLE PINK LADY

---

Read when I can be out in the warm sunshine?  
(*Emphatically.*) Oh, no! (*Points at PATIENCE.*)  
Brew and bake when the fairies are callin'?  
(*Sighs.*) Sure and ye can't ask me to do *that*?

PATIENCE.

(*Crossing to ANNE and laying hand on her arms.*)

Anne, are you listening or dreaming?

ANNE.

(*Turning.*)

Both. I fear I'm a bit of a rebel, too—like Molly—for the most of me is—in England! I've been looking out across the bay straight into green lanes and winding roads. I've been seeing the hedgerows all in blossom. I've been listening to the songs of lark and linnet.

PRUDENCE.

(*Standing on other side of ANNE.*)

But England is only a memory of the past, Anne. The minister says that one should not dwell upon the past but should think rather of the present, and should plan for the future.

ANNE.

I wish I had your courage, Prudence—but I haven't. (*Clasps the hand of each girl.*) I can't forget the cold, cold winter, the sickness, the suffering, the hunger. I can't forget that my mother died on the *Mayflower*.

PRISCILLA.

(*Softly.*)

Be glad, Anne, that she was spared the terrors of the first Plymouth days. (*Joins the group.*)



LET'S PRETEND

---

ANNE.

And there is another reason why I should be thinking of England today.

PATIENCE.

(*Quickly.*)

Is it that letters came yesterday?

ANNE.

Partly. Because *our* letter told us that there is a chance—to go back.

PRUDENCE.

(*In amazement.*)

Back to England?

ANNE.

Back to England.

MOLLY.

(*Whirling around.*)

Ye'll not be lettin' the chance go by?

ANNE.

*That* depends—on fate.

PRISCILLA.

(*Anxiously.*)

But is it right to speak of fate, Anne? Does the church permit it?

MOLLY.

Whisht—and what difference! Is it a story ye're bringin' us, Anne?

ANNE.

Yes, you might call it a story. (*After a pause.*)  
Would you care to hear it?



## THE LITTLE PINK LADY

---

PATIENCE.

*(Gravely.)*

After our industry and thrift of the day, surely 'tis not unseemly to enjoy ourselves in this way.

MOLLY.

*(Jumping up from stool.)*

Sure and it will be good for the Puritan conscience. 'Tis exercise that it's needin'! *(Pushes ANNE on stool. PRUDENCE and PRISCILLA sit on floor to her right, PATIENCE and MOLLY to her left.)*

ANNE.

Perhaps I'd be happier in this new country and more satisfied with everything if there had not been the memory of the quarrel.

PRUDENCE.

What quarrel, Anne?

ANNE.

That which separated my father and my grandfather. For grandfather was a loyal member of the Church of England and it almost broke his heart when his only son became a Puritan.

MOLLY.

*(To herself.)*

I'm thinkin' that it would.

ANNE.

I kept hoping that everything would be all right. But each was proud—each was stubborn—and finally father was disinherited—cut off without a penny.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

FRISCILLA.

(*Laying her hand on ANNE's.*)

How happy it must make you to know that he remained true to his faith.

ANNE.

(*Shaking head.*)

It does—and then again it doesn't. Sometimes I wish he had given in.

PATIENCE.

(*Shocked.*)

Anne!

ANNE.

For why can't a person be just as good under one religion as another?

MOLLY.

(*Emphatically.*)

Sure and I'm a-thinkin' the same.

PRUDENCE.

(*Aghast.*)

That's heresy.

ANNE.

On days like this I wish we weren't Puritans—that we were back in the old home place. (*Pauses.*) I want to smell the roses, to feel the breeze on my cheek—

MOLLY.

Just as I'd be afther glimpsin' the gorse on the pastures and catchin' a whiff of the turf in ould Ireland!



## THE LITTLE PINK LADY

---

PRISCILLA.

(*Sorrowfully.*)

It's wrong to complain of what Providence has given—nay, 'tis wicked!

PATIENCE.

Is that the end of the story?

ANNE.

Nay, 'tis but the beginning. We went to Holland—as you know—and prepared to sail on the *Mayflower*. Just as the ship was about to weigh anchor, there came a letter—a letter from my grandfather—which made everything all right.

MOLLY.

(*Bobbing up and down.*)

All right?

ANNE.

It brought a pardon—a blessing. It restored my father to his rightful place and heritage.

MOLLY.

(*Subsiding.*)

And ye couldn't stay?

ANNE.

We couldn't stay. We had promised. So we set sail—and my mother's death followed.

PRUDENCE.

Ah, 'twas a sad ending to the journey.

ANNE.

Yesterday came a letter, as I said. My grandfather is dead, and he died before he could change the will which was made when he disinherited my father. (*She pauses.*) So the property goes to a distant cousin.



LET'S PRETEND

---

PRISCILLA.

(*Eagerly.*)

But the *other* letter? Does not that give you your rights?

ANNE.

(*Sadly.*)

It does—it *would*, if we could produce it. But alas! the letter is lost. We have nothing to prove that my grandfather repented his first hasty action.

PATIENCE.

(*In horror.*)

You *lost* the letter?

ANNE.

We gave it to mother for safekeeping. Where she hid it we never knew. Her illness drove all else from our minds.

MOLLY.

(*Sadly shaking her head.*)

So ye can never return! (*Rises and wanders to table. She picks up the fan and opens it.*)

ANNE.

Unless we find the letter. But we have hunted and hunted—in vain.

PRUDENCE.

Oh, Anne, I ought to wish that you would find it; but I should be very lonely in Plymouth without you.

ANNE.

And I should often think of Plymouth and Plymouth friends. (*Rises and pulls PRISCILLA to her feet.*) But here I am, saddening your day by



## THE LITTLE PINK LADY

---

my own troubles. (*Gaily.*) Come, let's forget it all. Let's remember that we are happy together. (*All scramble to their feet.*) Let's—

MOLLY.

(*Crossing to ANNE and holding out fan.*)

Oh, Anne, what is it?

ANNE.

(*Taking it.*)

A fan. You use it so. (*Fans.*)

PRISCILLA.

A fan! How wonderful!

ANNE.

It was my mother's. Her sister sent it from France.

PATIENCE.

(*Rapturously.*)

From France!

ANNE.

She treasured it so much, for it is old and historic. So, when we left England it came with us.

MOLLY.

(*Taking the fan from ANNE.*)

Ah! The little pink lady—she's smilin' at us.

PRUDENCE.

She looks as if she were ready to speak.

PRISCILLA.

I believe she would walk right off the fan if we called her.

ANNE.

Suppose she did. What would she think of all this (*glances around*) after her bright colors, soft lights and merry companions.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

PATIENCE.

Let me hold her—just a moment. (*Takes fan.*)

MOLLY.

(*Standing by PATIENCE and gazing at fan.*)

Faith, and ye have been seein' sights, ye pretty creature—brave men, fair women and gay companies! How I'd like to follow in your wake—to smile when ye smile, to curtsey when ye curtsey, to dance when ye dance!

PRUDENCE.

Molly! To dance is wicked!

ANNE.

I wonder if it is. We miss so many joys here in Plymouth. (*Suddenly.*) Why can't we forget that we are Puritans? Why can't we laugh and sing and dance and play for once? (*Runs to window.*) See. It's beautiful out. (*PRUDENCE and PRISCILLA follow.*) The air is balmy. We can smell the ocean, and we can hear the birds if we listen. It's the very time for a frolic. (*Catches PRUDENCE by shoulders.*) Promise me, Prudence.

PRUDENCE.

Are you sure it's not wrong?

ANNE.

Sure—sure! (*Catches PRISCILLA and whirls her around.*) And you, Priscilla. Promise!

PRISCILLA.

(*Sighing.*)

I wonder if I've forgotten how to play.

ANNE.

It will come back to you. Oh, say you will.



THE LITTLE PINK LADY

---

(PRISCILLA *nods.*) And *you*, Patience. (*Runs to PATIENCE.*)

PATIENCE.

(*Still occupied with the fan.*)

Would the church approve?

ANNE.

What matter if it didn't? (*Coaxingly.*)  
Promise me.

PATIENCE.

I promise.

ANNE.

Then Molly—

MOLLY.

(*Dancing wildly around.*)

And do ye know that it's Midsummer Eve?  
That it's the night of fairy charms and goblin  
pranks? That the witches are weavin' a spell this  
very minute?

ANNE.

Do you suppose they'll weave it around us?

MOLLY.

(*Dramatically.*)

Listen! (*They crowd about her.*) If ye make  
a wish on Midsummer Eve, the fairies will grant  
it. 'Tis the one time in all the year when ye may  
gain your heart's desire.

ANNE.

(*Whispering.*)

Shall we wish?

PRUDENCE.

(*Doubtfully.*)

Is it wrong?

ANNE.

How could it be?



## LET'S PRETEND

---

PRISCILLA.

*(Frightened.)*

Would we be punished?

ANNE.

Who would know?

PATIENCE.

*(Placing the open fan on the table.)*

Is—it—really—so—about—the—wish?

ANNE.

Shall—we—try?

MOLLY.

*(Shaking finger at the fan.)*

Ah, ye little pink lady—how ye smile at us!  
How ye must want to be merry! I wish—oh, how I  
wish—that ye'd step right off that fan and play  
with us.

ALL.

*Molly!*

MOLLY.

*(Turning.)*

Whisht, and what's the matter o' ye?

ALL.

You've wished!

MOLLY.

*(Suddenly understanding.)*

I've—wished!

ANNE.

Oh—it's—getting—dark!

*Stage darkens. The girls crowd together at R. When the lights come on, THE LITTLE PINK LADY, who has entered through door down L., is standing by the table.*



## THE LITTLE PINK LADY

---

THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

(*Curtseying.*)

I'm here. Do I look like my picture? (*Nods laughingly towards fan on table.*)

MOLLY.

(*Coming near her.*)

Faith, but ye are beautiful—oh, so beautiful! Will ye vanish if I touch ye?

THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

Try me and see. (*MOLLY touches her.*) I cannot linger long. What would you have of me? (*The girls come closer.*)

ANNE.

How strange we must seem to you. We are but sober moths with a shining butterfly in our midst.

THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

Sober moths are restful to eyes that are weary of much color.

MOLLY.

And would ye be tellin' us of all ye have seen?

THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

(*Thoughtfully.*)

All I've seen! *All I've seen!* (*As if to herself.*) A royal palace where jewels flash, where silks and satins rustle, where hearts are wicked, cruel and unhappy under the capes of velvet and bodices of lace; where courtly manners hide ugly thoughts; where traitorous smiles and soft words are but the mask for cunning and intrigue.

PRUDENCE.

(*Clasping her hands in excitement.*)

Oh! Oh!



## LET'S PRETEND

---

### THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

I've seen kingdoms rise and fall. I have traveled many lands and have crossed many seas. I've screened the blush of youth, I've felt the trembling touch of age, I've been the plaything of white jeweled hands—(*suddenly*) and now I've come to a new world. (*She gazes around at them.*) How may I serve you?

### MOLLY.

Ah, little pink lady, we were a-thinkin' ye to be a little girl. We were wantin' ye to lead us in our play. (*Shakes her hand slowly.*) But ye are not a girl.

### THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

My face is young if my heart is old, and perchance I can share your revels. What shall it be—a dance?

### PRISCILLA.

(*Severely.*)

A Puritan does not dance.

### THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

Has a Puritan no music in his soul?

### PATIENCE.

(*Sadly.*)

Only enough for church hymns.

### THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

Is it wrong for birds to sing? For flowers to bloom? For stars to twinkle? For children to be happy? Then it is wrong to dance. Come! Who'll take my hand? (*ANNE comes timidly forward and takes her hand.*)

### ANNE.

But I shall be awkward.



## THE LITTLE PINK LADY

---

THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

*(Laughing as she curtseys.)*

No one will be awkward, for the magic of Midsummer Eve shall give us the perfect rhythm of perfect grace, and the fairy harps shall guide our footsteps.

*(Music sounds. Led by ANNE and THE LITTLE PINK LADY, PRUDENCE and PRISCILLA, MOLLY and PATIENCE join in a stately, old-fashioned dance.)*

THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

*(Reciting slowly as they dance.)*

There's the rustle of satin,  
The shimmer of velvet,  
The glimmer of dainty shoon—  
Bright jewels and laces,  
A myriad graces,  
A magical mystical tune.  
While the stately figures sway to and fro  
In the dignified dance of long ago.

There's the perfume of flowers,  
The trancing of music,  
The glancing of roguish eyes—  
There's a gliding—just so—  
And a curtseying—low  
As a witching wee fan she plies;  
Ah! the maid of the present will never  
know  
The grace of the dance of long ago!

*(The music ceases. THE LITTLE PINK LADY stands motionless as if listening.)*



## LET'S PRETEND

---

### THE LITTLE PINK LADY.

My time is short. Already I hear the whisper that sends me back into the Shadow Land. (*She touches PRUDENCE'S hand.*) A message to you before I vanish. People your new world with the joys of childhood. (*She slips an arm about PRISCILLA'S waist and turns to her.*) Find happiness in everyday corners. And for you (*she blows a kiss to PATIENCE*), trust your heart as well as the church discipline. (*She turns to MOLLY and lightly kisses her cheek.*) Keep your faith in fairies, my dear! (*Last of all she takes ANNE'S hands in hers and gazes steadfastly at her.*) And to you—a last word. If you will touch me with tender care, if you will gaze at me with all-seeing eyes, I will lead you to your heart's desire.

(*In a moment of darkness she vanishes.*)

MOLLY.

(*Rubbing her eyes as the light comes on.*)

Faith, and was it a dream or would ye be after pinchin' me?

PRUDENCE.

(*Pinching her.*)

*There!*

MOLLY.

It's real I am!

PRUDENCE.

(*Happily.*)

How wonderful it has been! I can't go back to my reading after (*curtseying*) this!

PRISCILLA.

(*Crossing to spinning-wheel.*)

Nor can I spin aught but romance—hereafter.



## THE LITTLE PINK LADY

---

PATIENCE.

(*Going to ANNE.*)

Anne! *Anne!* What troubles you? (*ANNE stands as if in a trance.*) Did you not hear her tell us to be gay—to be happy?

MOLLY.

(*Coming to other side of ANNE.*)

Sure and I know what I should have wished—that ye would find the letter. Oh, but it was careless of me!

ANNE.

(*To herself.*)

What did she mean? *What did she mean?* My heart's desire! (*Crosses to table and takes up the fan.*) If I would touch her with tender care. (*Feels carefully.*) If I would gaze at her with all-seeing eyes. (*Excitedly.*) Why, what is this? The lining is torn—there is something inside! (*Draws out folded paper.*) It's a letter—(*opens it*) it's—the letter—the *lost* letter!

PRUDENCE.

(*In awe.*)

'Tis too wonderful to believe.

ANNE.

(*Joyfully.*)

And yet it's true—it's *true!* (*Clasps fan to her.*) Oh, Little Pink Lady, Little Pink Lady, I'm going back to England—to England!

CURTAIN.







**THE EVER-EVER LAND.**





FAUNTLEROY



BO-PEEP



LITTLE NELL



ALICE



A PIRATE



JACK and JILL



HANSEL & GRETEL



JACK



PETER PAN



RED RIDING HOOD



JACK HORNER



CINDERELLA



REBECCA



LITTLE WOMAN



LITTLE MAN



LADY BUG



# THE EVER- EVER LAND



## CHARACTERS.

THE FAIRY.	CINDERELLA.
THE CHILD.	HANSEL AND GRETEL.
MOTHER GOOSE.	LITTLE MEN (four).
JACK.	LITTLE WOMEN (four).
THE PIEMAN.	LORD FAUNTLEROY.
SIMPLE SIMON.	REBECCA OF SUNNY- BROOK FARM.
JACK HORNER.	LITTLE COLONEL.
LADY BUG.	LITTLE NELL.
JACK AND JILL.	ALICE IN WONDERLAND.
BO-PEEP.	THE PIRATES (four).
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.	PETER PAN.

---

PLACE—*A Fairy Land.*

---

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty Minutes.*



## STORY OF THE PLAY.

Under the guidance of a fairy, whose wand is imagination, a child is led into the Ever-Ever Land, which is peopled by children who have figured in literature—characters so loved by boys and girls. One by one these characters greet her, and as they fade away the fairy tells her that the Ever-Ever Land is not afar; that it is really within a child's own happy heart.

---

## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

FAIRY—Spangled gown; gold crown; wand.

CHILD—Simple, fluffy white gown.

MOTHER GOOSE—Large-flowered gown with panniers; tall, peaked hat; broomstick.

JACK—White suit; candlestick.

PIEMAN—White apron; chef cap; tray with pies.

SIMPLE SIMON—Peasant's costume.

JACK HORNER—White suit with long trousers; large pie.

LADY BUG—Scarlet gown made with sleeves to represent wings when arms are raised.

JACK AND JILL—Sailor suits; large pail.

BO-PEEP—Bo-Peep costume; large hat; crook.

RED RIDING HOOD—White gown; scarlet hood and cap; basket.

CINDERELLA—Tattered cloak and cap over fancy ball dress with train.

HANSEL AND GRETEL—German costumes.

LITTLE MEN—Old-fashioned suits; tall hats, etc.



## THE EVER-EVER LAND

---

LITTLE WOMEN—Old-fashioned dresses, full skirts and fichus; large flower laden hats tied under the chin; reticules; mitts.

LORD FAUNTLEROY—Velvet suit; red sash; white lace collar.

REBECCA—Gingham dress and sunbonnet.

LITTLE COLONEL—Girl's military costume. Short skirt; military cape; boots; cap; drum; bugle.

LITTLE NELL—Old-fashioned dress; poke bonnet.

ALICE—White gown; March hare.

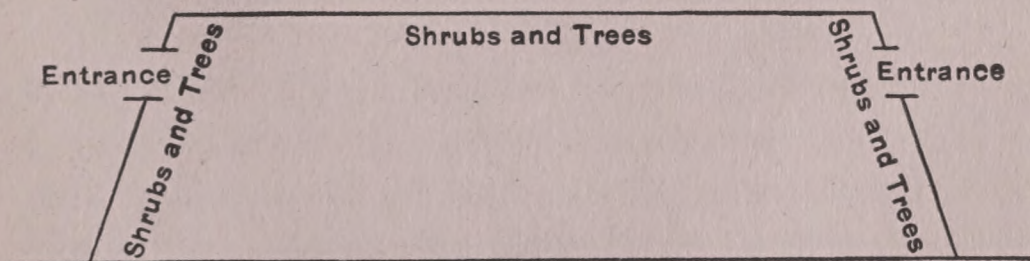
PIRATES—Dark suits, gay sashes and bandannas around their heads; swords.

PETER PAN—Peter Pan suit; pipes.

### PROPERTIES.

Trees, flowers, etc., for stage. Wand for Fairy. Candlestick for Jack. Tray with pies for Simple Simon. Pie for Jack Horner. Pail for Jack and Jill. Crook for Bo-Peep. Basket for Red Riding Hood. Drum and bugle for Little Colonel. March hare for Alice. Swords for Pirates. Pipes for Peter Pan.

### SCENE PLOT.



### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of stage; *C.*, center; *L.*, left. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.







## THE EVER-EVER LAND.

SCENE: *A woodland with trees, shrubs, flowers, etc. The characters, except the FAIRY and the CHILD, enter L. of stage and go off at R.*

*At rise of curtain, stage is darkened and clear.*

*Enter FAIRY, R., followed by child.*

FAIRY.

*(Advancing to C.)*

Thrice welcome to the Ever-Ever Land.

Come closer, child; still closer. Take my hand.

*(CHILD takes her hand.)*

And you shall see most wondrous sights; shall  
hear

The elfin voices. Closer—do not fear.

CHILD.

*(Drawing closer.)*

Tell me. What is the Ever-Ever Land?

I cannot see—I cannot understand.

FAIRY.

It is a land of smiles, of joys, of friends,  
Where nothing ever dies, or fades, or ends.

CHILD.

How wonderful it sounds! I want to stay—

I want to see it all—show me the way;

And tell me—what enchanted, happy band

Lives here, within the Ever-Ever Land?

FAIRY.

You'll find within these shady, sheltered nooks  
The little children whom you've loved in books.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

CHILD.

*(Shuddering.)*

But it is dark and drear. I cannot see.

FAIRY.

Then trust my scepter's magic witchery.

CHILD.

*(Wonderingly.)*

Your <sup>wand</sup> scepter?

FAIRY.

'Tis imagination. Bright

It strikes the gloom for those who know its might.

Behold—I wave it thrice! *(Waves wand.)*

From where you stand

You'll see the children of the Ever-Ever Land.

*(Withdraws to background as stage grows light.)*

CHILD.

*(Peering off L.)*

Who comes here? I seem to know her. Oh—

*(Clasps hands.)*

'Tis Mother Goose! I used to love her so!

*Enter* MOTHER GOOSE. CHILD *stands to her right.*

MOTHER GOOSE.

*(Right of C.)*

Yes, 'tis old Mother Goose, who plays her part  
And wins her way to every childish heart.

Just listen while she speaks. You'll find it true

That she has lessons for the grown-ups, too.

*(Turns.)* Come, Jack—be nimble!

*Enter* JACK.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Jack, be quick!



## THE EVER-EVER LAND

---

JACK.

*(Placing candlestick at C.)*

Watch me jump over the candlestick! *(Jumps over candlestick, picks it up and runs off.)*

MOTHER GOOSE.

*(To audience.)*

Behold! You laugh at such fandangos!  
They match your fox trots and your tangos!  
*(Turns.)* There's Simple Simon and the pieman!

*Enter PIEMAN followed by SIMPLE SIMON.*

MOTHER GOOSE.

They're going to the fair.  
Says Simple Simon to the Pieman:

SIMPLE SIMON.

Let me taste your ware.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Says the Pieman to Simple Simon:

PIEMAN.

*(At C.)*

Show me first your penny.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Says Simple Simon to the Pieman:

SIMPLE SIMON.

Indeed, I haven't any.

*(Exeunt PIEMAN and SIMPLE SIMON.)*

MOTHER GOOSE.

Of modern occupations there are many;  
But all declare: "Just show me first your penny."

*Enter JACK HORNER.*



LET'S PRETEND

---

MOTHER GOOSE.

Little Jack Horner, go sit in the corner.

(JACK sits in corner at L. of stage.)

JACK.

I'm eating a Christmas pie;  
I've put in my thumb,  
And I've pulled out a plum—  
Oh! What a good boy am I!

(Rises and runs off stage.)

MOTHER GOOSE.

When grown-ups manage things successfully,  
They smile and say: "What good boys all are we."

Enter LADY BUG.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Lady Bug! Lady Bug! Fly away home!

LADY BUG.

(Flitting across stage.)

My house is on fire and my children alone!

(Runs off.)

MOTHER GOOSE.

No doubt she spent her morning at the club  
And left her children home. Ay, there's the rub!

Enter JACK and JILL.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Upon my word, here's Jack and Jill!

JACK.

(Running to C.)

We both were coming up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water.



## THE EVER-EVER LAND

---

JILL.

(*Following.*)

Jack fell down and broke his crown—

JACK.

And Jill came tumbling after. (*Turning to JILL.*)

Now, Jill you know,

You made me go

To fetch that pail of water.

My somersault

Was all your fault,

You know you hadn't orte.

JILL.

So that's your game—

To shift the blame.

Well, then, I'll have my rights, sir;

I'll go away (*Stamps foot.*)

This very day,

Where women win their fights, sir.

(*She chases JACK off of stage.*)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Kind friends, right here, I fear, you've met

One who will be a suffragette.

*Enter BO-PEEP.*

MOTHER GOOSE.

Well! Little Bo-Peep!

BO-PEEP.

(*Rubbing her eyes.*)

I've been asleep,

And I've lost my sheep,

And I don't know where to find them.

*Old King Cole  
p others  
mistress man*

*Boy Blue  
miss muffed  
miller of the*



## LET'S PRETEND

---

(*Carelessly.*) But I'll leave them alone,  
And they'll come home,  
Wagging their tails behind them.

MOTHER GOOSE.

(*Severely.*)

Such carelessness I'll not endure, Bo-Peep;  
I'll go with you and help you find those sheep.

(*Exeunt MOTHER GOOSE and BO-PEEP.*)

Enter LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

CHILD.

(*Running to her.*)

Where are you going, dear Red Riding Hood?

RED RIDING HOOD.

(*As she passes slowly across the stage.*)

I'm going to pick the flowers in the wood.

And all the blossoms by my path, I know

Are thoughts of children who have loved me so.

Enter CINDERELLA. (*Exit.*)

CHILD.

Oh Cinderella, why are you in tatters?

CINDERELLA.

(*Weeping.*)

I can't go to the ball—so nothing matters.

CHILD.

(*Drawing FAIRY to front of stage.*)

Oh, come, dear Fairy, wave your golden scepter!

(*FAIRY obeys and CINDERELLA throws off ragged cloak, disclosing ball dress.*) So!

CINDERELLA.

(*Curtseying.*)

Now Cinderella to the Prince will go! (*Exit.*)

Next time,  
Mother Goose  
Song.  
First Verse  
& chorus  
Second Verse



## THE EVER-EVER LAND

---

*Enter* HANSEL *and* GRETTEL.

HANSEL *and* GRETTEL.

(*At C.*)

We're the little Dutch girl and the little Dutch  
boy,

Hansel and Gretel.

We've been for years the children's joy—

Hansel and Gretel!

HANSEL.

(*Running to* CHILD.)

Did you hear how we killed the wicked witch?

GRETTEL.

(*Running to* CHILD.)

How her gold and her jewels made us rich!

HANSEL *and* GRETTEL.

(*Together.*)

Hansel and Gretel! (*They run off.*) *→ Peter Rabbit*

*Enter* LITTLE MEN *and* LITTLE WOMEN *and*  
*march slowly around the stage.*

CHILD.

Oh, Fairy! Fairy! Tell me—who come here?

FAIRY.

They illustrate two books to you most dear.

CHILD.

I'll guess. Can it be this? (*Whispers to* FAIRY.)

FAIRY.

(*Shaking her head.*)

No; guess again.

CHILD.

(*Clapping hands.*)

I know! 'Tis Little Women and 'tis Little Men!



Boys sing "Old Fashioned  
minuet"  
minuet

## LET'S PRETEND

(After the march, LITTLE MEN and LITTLE WOMEN dance a stately minuet, after which they move slowly off the stage.)

LORD FAUNTLEROY enters and watches them disappear.

CHILD.

Oh, Fairy, whisper—who is that strange boy?

FAIRY.

Why, have you never known Lord Fauntleroy?

CHILD.

(Advancing to LORD FAUNTLEROY.)

Oh, Fauntleroy, why have you cut your curls?

LORD FAUNTLEROY.

Now, there you go—just like the other girls.  
I've cut my curls 'cause I wanted to try  
To be like the other fellows—that's why.  
I've still a sash and a collar of lace,  
I'm still the lord of an English place;  
But I wish I were just an ev'ryday boy,  
Instead of Cedric, Lord Fauntleroy! (*Exit.*)

Enter REBECCA.

REBECCA.

(At C.)

I've a gay little laugh and a gay little song,  
And a gay little sunbonnet over my arm.

My name I'll tell—

You know it well—

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm! (*Exit.*)

Enter LITTLE NELL.

LITTLE NELL.

I wear no royal robe or sparkling crown,  
I've won no place for deeds of great renown;



## THE EVER-EVER LAND

---

But just a story, short and sad, I tell—  
The simple tale of Dickens' Little Nell. (*Exit.*)

*Enter* LITTLE COLONEL, *beating drum.*

LITTLE COLONEL.

Blow, bugle! Blow!

(*Blows bugle and marches up to* CHILD.)

'Tis you I'm a-tooting!

Right about, face! (*Turns sharply.*)

'Tis you I'm saluting!

No book and no journal

Holds name more eternal,

Than this—Little Colonel!

(*Marches out beating drum.*)

*Enter* ALICE.

ALICE.

"The time has come," the Walrus said—

"To talk of many things,

Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—

Of cabbages and kings!"

CHILD.

(*Running to her.*)

Oh, Alice, straight from Wonderland!

ALICE.

Take care!

I have right here with me the mad March Hare!

*The* PIRATES *rush in and surround the* CHILD *and* ALICE.

FIRST PIRATE.

Here, good fellows, lend a hand!

SECOND PIRATE.

We'll bear them off to our pirate land!



## LET'S PRETEND

---

THIRD PIRATE.

We'll bind their hands and bind them fast!

FOURTH PIRATE.

We'll tie them upon our ship's tall mast!

TOGETHER.

*(Linking arms and advancing to front of stage.)*

One—two—three—four—pirates are we;

Pirates fierce as there ever can be.

Our deeds are dark

And we leave no mark,

But throw our victims to the hungry shark!

*Enter* PETER PAN.

PETER PAN.

Back to your hatches—every man!

I come to the rescue—Peter Pan!

*(PIRATES hurriedly rush out.)*

I'm youth—eternal youth—the rising sun—

The singing poet—the world that's just begun—

A little bird that's broken from it's shell—

A happy human 'neath a fairy spell—

And with it all, just Peter Pan—a boy

Who won't grow up. I'm joy, I'm joy, I'm joy!

*(Seizes ALICE's hand and with her runs off.)*

CHILD.

*(As stage darkens.)*

Oh, Fairy dear, they've gone—I cannot see—

Oh, bid them all come back again to me!

FAIRY.

You may not join this happy, happy band—

You may not linger in the Ever-Ever Land.



## THE EVER-EVER LAND

---

CHILD.

Where is the Ever-Ever Land? Some day  
I'm coming back—I'm coming back to stay.

FAIRY.

The Ever-Ever Land is not apart;  
It lies within a child's own happy heart.

CURTAIN.







**WHEN THE TOYS AWAKE.**





red  
+  
white





# WHEN THE TOYS AWAKE

## CHARACTERS.

A CHILD. ✓

THE MOTHER. ✓

FRENCH DOLL. ✓

TIN SOLDIERS (ten). ✓

JUMPING JACK. ✓

SPINNING TOP. ✓

JACK-IN-THE-BOX. ✓

CLOWN. ✓

TEDDY BEAR. ✓

SAILOR BOY. ✓

SAILOR GIRL. ✓

---

PLACE—*A Nursery.*

---



---

TIME—*The Present.*

---



---

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty-five Minutes.*

---

## STORY OF THE PLAY.

A child, awakening at midnight, finds her toys life-size, quite human and enjoying a revelry all their own. In answer to her inquiry, they inform her that such is their nightly custom, from twelve until the clock strikes four. She comments upon their happy life—their days of ease, their nights



of frolic—and, much to her surprise, they declare emphatically that such is not the case; that they have troubles of their own. Upon suggestion, they declare a Court of Grievances, with the child as judge; she hears their complaints, passes sentence and, at the last, joins in the general joy and jollity.

---

### CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

CHILD—Soft, pretty nightgown.

MOTHER—Any simple, light costume.

FRENCH DOLL—Dainty, long-waisted lingerie dress and hat. Pink sash. Pink socks and patent leather slippers.

TIN SOLDIERS—Medium sized boys. Dark, full trousers, white waists, red ties and cocked hats. Guns.

JUMPING JACK—Tall, thin boy. Tightly fitting suit of bright flowered material. Small red cap.

SPINNING TOP—Small girl. White gown with very full skirt which has stripes running around it, so that when she whirls it gives the appearance of a top.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX—Small boy. Full white trousers, long red coat and peaked red hat.

CLOWN—Ordinary clown suit, hat, etc.

TEDDY BEAR—All over suit of brown, fuzzy material.

SAILOR BOY AND GIRL—Boy and girl of same size. Pretty sailor suits and caps. A simple sailor dance in connection with their speech is effective.



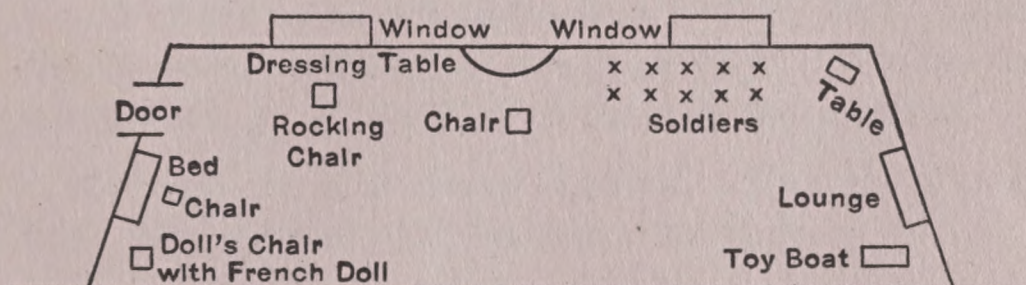
## WHEN THE TOYS AWAKE

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### PROPERTIES.

Rugs, pictures, muslin window curtains. Narrow brass bed, completely equipped. Dressing table with silver toilet articles, manicure set (including scissors) and other accessories. Dressing table chair. Low rocking-chair; straight-backed chair. Table with books, top and jack-in-the-box. Lounge with pillows, clown and Teddy bear. Ten tin soldiers, toy boat, sailor boy and girl. Doll's chair and French doll. Jumping jack on post of bed. Book for mother. Guns for soldiers.

### SCENE PLOT.



### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *F.*, flat or scene running across the back of the stage, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.







## WHEN THE TOYS AWAKE.

### PROLOGUE.

SCENE: *A nursery. Full stage. Windows R. and L. of C. in F. and door at R. U. E. CHILD'S dressing table and chair at C. in F. Small rocking-chair R. in front of window. Table, L. U. E. Lounge down L. Child's bed down R. Straight chair L. of bed. Dainty curtains for window, silver articles for dressing table, cover for table, pillows for lounge, rugs, pictures, etc. On the table there are books, a top and a jack-in-the-box. On the lounge is a clown doll and a Teddy bear. At L. is a toy boat with sailor boy and girl. At R. is a doll chair in which there is a French doll. Over the bedpost is hung a jumping-jack. Under the window L. of C. in F. are the ten tin soldiers.*

*At rise, room is dimly lighted. The child is in bed; the mother sits by her, reading.*

MOTHER.

*(Reads.)*

When the night comes down in a soft, dark cloud,  
And the twinkling stars peep through;  
When the moon rides high  
In a velvet sky,  
    'Mid a path of midnight blue;  
Then into the children's drowsy eyes  
The Sand Man throws his sand,  
As he points the way  
From the Realm of Play  
    To the magical Shut-Eye Land.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

*(The mother pauses in her reading, bends over the child, who stirs and speaks drowsily.)*

CHILD.

I'm most to Shut-Eye Land myself. Before  
I reach there, won't you read a little more?

MOTHER.

*(Reads.)*

We think that the toys all go to rest  
When the trials of the day are o'er;

That they vigil keep

In a dreamless sleep

From their place on the nursery floor.

But no. When the children are gone away,  
Then the toys assume the power;

For their whirl of fun

Is but just begun

When the clock strikes the midnight  
hour.

CHILD.

*(Trying to keep awake.)*

Oh, mother, do you think they *really* do?  
Or is it just a tale for me and you?

MOTHER.

*(Reading.)*

The little tin soldiers are quick to unbend  
From their queer little soldier quirks,

In a manner rash

Their guns go *crash*

By a series of nervous jerks;

The French dolly shakes her butterfly bows,



## WHEN THE TOYS AWAKE

---

The top spins around in a whirl,  
Deciding by chance,  
To frivol and dance  
With the sailor boy and his girl.

CHILD.

*(Very sleepily.)*

I—have—some—soldiers—and—a—dolly—too;  
My—spinning—top—I—wonder—if—it's—you!

MOTHER.

*(Reading.)*

The jumping-jack hastens to tie himself  
In a wonderful loop-the-loop;  
The clown and the bear  
Caper ev'rywhere,  
With a grunt and a noisy whoop;  
While a jack-in-the-box  
Causes nervous shocks  
When he springs 'mid the jolly group.

They dance and they play in a dizzy whirl  
Till the clock on the stairway strikes four;  
Then with quickening pace  
Each seeks his own place  
In the group on the nursery floor.

*(The mother stops reading and the child seems to sleep. She rises, bends over the bed, straightens the covers and tiptoes out of the room R. U. E.)*

CURTAIN.



THE PLAY.

SCENE: *The same. The toys in the prologue are replaced by children who play the parts. The soldiers stand L. of C. in F. in two rows of five each. The top sits on the table; a large box from which the head of JACK-IN-THE-BOX is protruding is placed in front of the table. The clown and Teddy bear are on the lounge; the sailor boy and girl sit on floor L. The French doll and the jumping-jack sit on floor R. Stage is brightly illuminated.*

*A clock strikes twelve. At the last stroke the curtain rises, revealing the toys in position. After a moment the child stretches, rubs her eyes and sits upright, gazing around her.*

CHILD.

*(Dazed.)*

What is it? Who are you? And where am I?

FRENCH DOLL.

*(Rising and leaning on foot of bed.)*

You'll recognize us if you only try.

CHILD.

*(Looking closely.)*

My own French dolly—is it really you?

*(Gazing at CLOWN and BEAR.)*

And you, my funny clown—and Teddy, too?

*(Catches sight of SOLDIERS.)*

And are *you* all my little soldier boys?

FRENCH DOLL.

Just look around. You see your nursery toys.

*(CHILD gazes about her.)*



## WHEN THE TOYS AWAKE

---

CHILD.

But you have grown. I'm frightened just a bit;  
So, Dolly, would you mind explaining it?

*(Crawls to foot of bed.)*

FRENCH DOLL.

Well, when the clock sends forth its midnight  
strokes,

We nursery toys become like other folks.

We dance, we play, we grow and grow and grow—

CHILD.

*(Eagerly.)*

Till you're the size of boys and girls?

FRENCH DOLL.

*(Nodding.)*

Quite so.

CHILD.

But don't you ever sleep the whole night through?

FRENCH DOLL.

Why should we? That's for little girls like you.

We cannot get acquainted through the day,

We wait until you people go away,

And then we have our fun.

CHILD.

*(Eagerly.)*

Until what hour?

FRENCH DOLL.

At stroke of four we lay aside our power.

CHILD.

And then?

FRENCH DOLL.

We shrink and shrink and shrink until once more

We are the toys you left the night before.



LET'S PRETEND

---

CHILD.

(*Clasping hands.*)

How wonderful! (*Looks around at all.*) How happy you must be!

TOP.

(*Scornfully.*)

Happy!

SAILORS.

(*In amazement.*)

Happy!

JUMPING JACK.

(*Disgustedly.*)

Happy!

SOLDIERS.

(*Emphatically.*)

No, not we!

(*BEAR grunts.*)

CHILD.

(*Shaking finger.*)

You are a very naughty nursery band.  
Why you're not happy I can't understand.

TOP.

(*Stepping toward child.*)

Just listen now—

CHILD.

(*Interrupting.*)

One moment, if you please.

(*To all.*) You all have nights of fun and days of ease.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

(*Laughing sarcastically.*)

"Days of ease." I really must repeat it!



## WHEN THE TOYS AWAKE

---

CLOWN.

*(Holding side.)*

"Days of ease"—*of ease!* Now, can you beat it?

*(BEAR grunts.)*

CHILD.

*(Settling herself on bed.)*

Come, tell me what you mean. It is my right!

*(TOP goes back to table.)*

This is my realm, and I am queen tonight.

FRENCH DOLL.

*(Suddenly.)*

We'll have a Court of Grievances.

Hooray!

ALL.

JUMPING JACK.

*(Rising.)*

Before the queen each one shall say his say.

*(Crosses to lounge and seats himself.)*

CHILD.

*(To SOLDIERS.)*

Now, soldiers, do you ever whine or fret?

Or wish that you were somewhere else?

SOLDIERS.

*(Fervently.)*

*You bet!*

CHILD.

*(Shaking her head.)*

Dear me, you really needn't shout it;

We'll see what we can do about it.

*(Soldiers mark time, march to front of stage and sing to the tune of "Yankee Doodle.")*



## LET'S PRETEND

---

### SOLDIERS.

We are getting pretty tired  
Of all this nurs'ry prattle;  
Want to see a real war  
And fight a real battle.

### CHORUS.

We want to find a real foe,  
Want to do some fighting.  
Want to quit this nurs'ry job  
For something more exciting.

We don't think this soldier's life  
Is anything that's thrilling;  
We can never fight nor shoot  
Nor can our squad be drilling.

*(Repeat chorus.)*

*After song the SOLDIERS wheel, salute CHILD and stand in long row from R. to L. at back of stage.*

### CHILD.

I'm sorry that you even want to go  
To find a really, truly fighting foe;  
But if you promise you will march and drill  
And never try to shoot or hurt or kill;  
I'll buy some other soldiers—honor bright—  
You all can have it out tomorrow night.  
Will that help any? *Drill*

*(The SOLDIERS cheer and crash guns.)*

Mercy, such a clatter! *(TOP rushes to C. of stage.)*  
Why, Spinning Top, whatever is the matter?

### TOP.

*(Whirling furiously and addressing SOLDIERS.)*  
Indeed, and what's the matter with you?  
You shouldn't complain of what you do.



## WHEN THE TOYS AWAKE

---

You stand all day,  
In a comfortable way.  
If you all did *this!* (*Whirls again.*)  
Then what would you say? (*Rushes to CHILD.*)

CHILD.

You do live in a dreadful whirl, that's sure;  
I'll recommend to you a long rest cure.

(*Pushes her into chair L. of bed.*)

JUMPING JACK.

(*Coming forward and addressing the CHILD.*)  
And what would you say if your arms and legs  
Were loosely hung on so many pegs?  
If you wiggled and rattled from morn to eve  
With never so much as "by your leave."  
You'd kick—don't deny it;  
And if you should try it,  
You'd know why I long to be perfectly quiet.  
(*Kneels before the CHILD.*)

CHILD.

(*Patting his head.*)

You are a nervous wreck, you poor, dear thing!  
(*Ponders.*) I wonder what—(*suddenly*)—I know;  
I'll cut the string!

(*Runs to dressing table, seizes scissors, cuts imaginary string. She climbs into bed, throws a pillow to the JUMPING JACK, who rushes to front of stage and stretches full length on the floor.*)

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

(*Jumping from box and hopping to C. of stage.*)  
Suppose *you* scared people quite out of their wits  
And sent all the babes into spasms and fits;  
Suppose *you* were stuffed in a tiresome old box,



## LET'S PRETEND

---

All shut in and held by mechanical locks!  
Honest, sometimes when I pop from that lid  
I think I could be quite the happiest kid  
    Could I just bow and smile,  
    Be calm all the while,  
And know that I never again would be hid.

CHILD.

Oh, you should see the world—you really should—  
That old box top shall be propped up for good.  
I promise that you'll never more be vexed  
By such a shut-in life. (*JACK-IN-THE-BOX goes back to box and sits upon it.*) Who's next?

FRENCH DOLL.

*(Steps to C. of stage, curtseys stiffly and recites mechanically.)*

If you press the button you will hear me say

*(Presses button.)* Mam-ma! Pa-pa!

In the morning, night or any time of day—

*(Presses button.)* Mam-ma! Pa-pa!

I try to dress in true Parisian style,

I always wear an everlasting smile,

And I'm made to keep a-squeaking all the time.

*(Presses button.)* Mam-ma! Pa-pa!

On some fine morning when you want to hear,

*(Presses button.)* Mam-ma! Pa-pa!

You will find my workings are a little queer,

*(Presses button.)* Mam-ma! Pa-pa!

My bows and Paris dress I will forget,

I'll be a raging, raving suffragette;

When you press the button this is what you'll get.

*(Presses button.)* B-r-r-r! B-r-r-r!



## WHEN THE TOYS AWAKE

---

CHILD.

*(Sadly.)*

My dear French dolly, just to think that you  
Should want to join the suffragette-y crew!  
I'll put you in an ugly little bonnet  
That has a "Votes for Women" badge upon it;  
And fold your pretty, pretty clothes away;  
I know you'll want them back again some day.

*(FRENCH DOLL curtseys and stands at foot of bed.)*

*(SAILORS advance to C. and give sailor dance as they speak.)*

SAILOR BOY.

Oh, the sailor lad and lassie are we—

BOTH.

Heave-ho!

SAILOR GIRL.

Do we spend our life on the bounding sea?

BOTH.

Oh, no!

Do we tie the ropes 'gainst the threatening gale?  
Do we climb to the top of the mizzen-mast sail?  
Do we keep a watch for the deadly whale?

Oh, no!

Heave-ho!

Instead we are placed in a wooden boat,  
On a carpet sea we are set afloat—

Heave-ho!

SAILOR GIRL.

Are we glad to be free from the tempest's clutch?  
To rest on the nursery floor?



## LET'S PRETEND

---

SAILOR BOY.

(*Emphatically.*)

Not much!

(*They retire to L. and seat themselves again.*)

CHILD.

I really do not blame you. Take your boat;  
Hereafter in the bathtub it shall float!

(*SAILORS salute.*)

Come on, my funny clown and Teddy bear.

(*CLOWN and BEAR trot forward hand in hand.*)

You are a very gay and giddy pair;  
And yet, I wonder if you ever tire  
Of capering at everyone's desire.

CLOWN.

(*At C.*)

We're supposed, as you say, to be always gay,

Me and my Teddy bear. (*BEAR grunts.*)

We tumble and caper the livelong day,

Me and my Teddy bear. (*BEAR grunts.*)

This scattering sunshine, don't you see,

Is never what it's cracked up to be;

It's an awful bore to you and me—

*Sent* Ain't it, old Teddy bear? (*BEAR grunts.*)

CHILD.

So, everybody has his ups and downs,

And even Teddy bears and funny clowns.

Your time, your patience surely's been abused,

It's certainly your turn to be amused.

(*Jumps from bed and seizes hand of each.*)

Come! Both of you shall sit in solemn state  
And all the rest of us will celebrate.



## WHEN THE TOYS AWAKE

---

*(Rushes to lounge, takes pillows, makes two piles at C. of stage, pushes CLOWN on one and BEAR on the other.)*

Join hands! *(All form circle.)* We'll have a merry,  
merry dance!

Till break of day we'll whirl and madly prance,  
Nor shall our fun and reveling be o'er

Until the clock chimes out the hour of four!

*(All circle round and round CLOWN and BEAR until—)*

CURTAIN.

### EPILOGUE.

SCENE: *Same as that of Prologue. Curtain rises on clear stage with CHILD asleep. After a few moments the MOTHER enters, raises the blinds of windows R. and L. of C. in F.*

MOTHER.

*(Coming to bed.)*

'Tis breakfast time, you sleepy sleepy head!  
The sun is laughing 'cause you're still in bed.  
Your eyes must surely have been full of sand  
Since you have lingered in the Shut-Eye Land.

*(CHILD sits up in bed and rubs her eyes.)*

Dear me, I think you're dreaming even yet!

*(CHILD moves to foot of bed and looks over.)*

You want your dolly?

CHILD.

No; my suffragette.

MOTHER.

*(Puzzled.)*

Your suffragette! You mean your jumping jack.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

CHILD.

*(Settling herself at foot of bed.)*

Oh, mother, get my scissors—*quick!* (MOTHER hurries to dressing table, gets scissors.) Hurry back! *(She comes back to bed.)*

I really cannot do another thing  
Until I cut this miserable string.

MOTHER.

*(Severely.)*

And now you've ruined your jumping jack, I fear.

CHILD.

Just resting up his muscles, mother dear.

*(Lays JUMPING JACK carefully on bed.)*

And, mother, draw my table drawer out—*wide*—

*(MOTHER obeys.)*

And lay my little spinning top inside.

*(MOTHER obeys.) to*

And lay her so she's comf'table—be sure.

I promised her a beautiful rest cure.

MOTHER.

*(Returning to bed and smoothing CHILD's hair.)*

My dear, you talk so strangely. Won't you tell  
What is the matter? Surely you're not well.

CHILD.

*(Pointing to JACK-IN-THE-BOX.)*

And raise the lid—right now—for Jack-in-Box—  
I said he'd never more be held by nursery locks.

*(MOTHER crosses to JACK-IN-THE-BOX with a puzzled air and raises the lid.)*



## WHEN THE TOYS AWAKE

---

MOTHER.

Perhaps a naughty little dream is holding you;  
Tell mother and we'll see what we can do.

*(She returns to CHILD.)*

CHILD.

*(Eagerly rising on knees and seizing her mother's hands.)*

Oh, may I buy some extra soldier boys?

*(MOTHER makes gesture of protest.)*

Why, mother, ten can't make a bit of noise  
Without an enemy. It isn't right  
For them to have no real foes to fight.

MOTHER.

*(Smoothing pillow and gently pushing CHILD upon it.)*

Yes, yes; I'll buy them. Now you lie quite still  
And take a little sugar-coated pill.

CHILD.

And, mother, will you fill the bathtub, too?  
My sailor dolls prefer the ocean blue.  
Now, mother dear, you surely will agree  
That it's no fun to sail a carpet sea.

MOTHER.

*(Pulling up covers.)*

Now I'll be back in just a little while;

*(Goes to lounge and gets CLOWN and BEAR.)*

Here's clown and Teddy bear. They'll make you  
smile.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

CHILD.

Oh, no, they won't. They even won't obey;  
They've got to be amused the livelong day,  
For scattering sunshine is an awful bore.  
They're not obliged to do it any more.

MOTHER.

*(Sitting in chair beside bed.)*

They're very strange, these things you say and do,  
Won't you tell mother what is bothering you?

CHILD.

*(Sitting up in bed.)*

Why, nothing bothers me. But I have seen  
The toys dance and play. I've been their queen;  
I've listened to their troubles, heard their pleas,  
And now I'll try to bring them days of ease.  
Sometime, I hope, you'll join in all the fun,  
Will meet the toys and dollies one by one,  
For there's no happier pilgrimage to take  
Than to the nursery when the toys awake!

CURTAIN.



**THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY.**





GUIDE



PRINCESS



MISS JENKINS



SELF



ARITHMETIC



GRAMMAR



ENVY



PLEASURE



CONTENTMENT



BAD TEMPER



IMAGINATION



SELF CONTROL





# THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

## CHARACTERS.

THE PRINCESS.

MISS JENKINS (her  
governess).

THE GUIDE.

SELF.

ARITHMETIC.

GRAMMAR.

PLEASURE.

ENVY.

CONTENTMENT.

IMAGINATION.

BAD TEMPER.

SELF-CONTROL.

---

PLACE—*The Forest of Every Day. A Summer  
Afternoon.*

---

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty-five Minutes.*

---

NOTE—*The parts may all be assumed by girls or, if  
desired, SELF, ARITHMETIC, GRAMMAR, BAD TEMPER and  
SELF-CONTROL may be assigned to boys.*

---

## STORY OF THE PLAY.

A naughty little princess has a dream in which she finds herself in the Forest of Every Day, in quest of Happiness. Many adventures come her



way, strange folk make her acquaintance, and when she awakens, the memory of her experiences helps to make her a wiser and better little girl.

---

## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

THE PRINCESS—Pretty little modern gown. Large flower-laden hat with broad ribbon ties.

MISS JENKINS—Black dress and hat. White collar and cuffs.

THE GUIDE—Long, loose, white gown. Flowing hair.

SELF—Brown domino and hood.

GRAMMAR.        }  
ARITHMETIC.       } Loose black cloaks over fancy  
                          coats and trousers.

PLEASURE — Short, scarlet tarlatan dress, adorned with spangles and gold. She carries a garland of flowers.

ENVY—Short gown of bright green with silver trimmings.

CONTENTMENT—Short, simple white gown made Grecian style.

IMAGINATION—Short, fluffy gown of some bright color. Spangled scarf of same color, attached in back and tied to each wrist. Shining wand.

BAD TEMPER—Witch's costume with pointed hat.

SELF-CONTROL—Long, loose gown of some delicate color. Flowing hair.



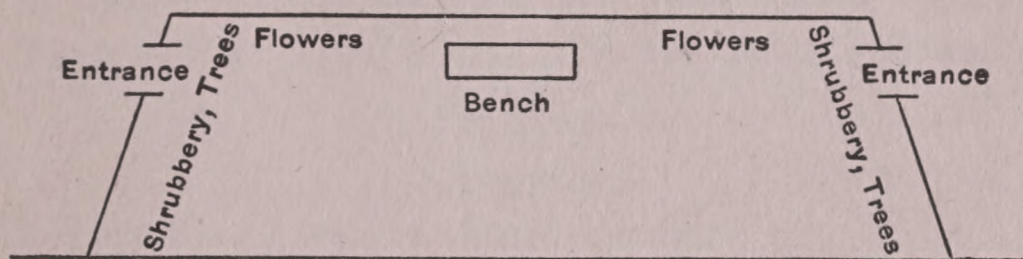
## THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

### PROPERTIES.

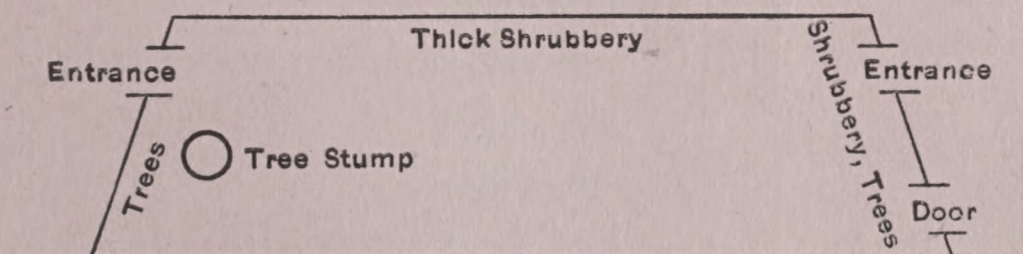
Bench with pillows; shrubbery, flowers, tree stump, trees, etc. Large hat and books for Princess. Book and fancy work for Miss Jenkins. Opera glasses (preferably pearl and gold) for Guide. Burden for Arithmetic. Golden heart for Contentment. Wand for Imagination.

### SCENE PLOT.

#### PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE.



#### THE PLAY.



### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *L.*, left of stage; *C. in F.*, center of flat or scene running across the back of the stage; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.







# THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY.

## PROLOGUE.

SCENE: *A forest. Landscape drop. Entrances at R. and L. An abundance of trees, shrubbery, etc., down L. and R. Grass for floor. Practical door down L. hidden by shrubbery in prologue. Rustic bench with pillows at C. in F. Stage illuminated for late afternoon.*

*At rise, discovered, MISS JENKINS seated at L. of bench with large book and fancy work in lap; PRINCESS at R. of bench with two school books.*

PRINCESS.

*(Angrily.)*

I won't—I won't—I say I won't!

MISS JENKINS

*(Coaxingly.)*

But, your royal highness—

PRINCESS.

*(Interrupting.)*

No, Miss Jenkins; no. I won't!

MISS JENKINS

*(Sighing.)*

Dear, dear, dear!

PRINCESS.

Why do you sigh like that?

MISS JENKINS.

Because it grieves me to think of a princess who chooses to be ignorant.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

PRINCESS.

*(Tossing her head.)*

A princess may do as she likes.

MISS JENKINS.

But that does not keep her people from being sorry for her.

PRINCESS.

People could *never* be sorry for a princess.

MISS JENKINS.

Oh, I think they *could*! Suppose the princess did not know so much as they.

PRINCESS.

*(Throwing a book.)*

I hate arithmetic and—*(throwing another book)*  
I hate grammar—and I won't study them—so now! *(Pause of a few moments.)* Why don't you say something?

MISS JENKINS.

*(Opening book in her lap.)*

Why should I? Would you listen to me?

PRINCESS.

Not if you told me to study arithmetic and grammar.

MISS JENKINS.

Your royal highness, a princess who cannot rule herself, cannot rule others.

PRINCESS.

*(Disdainfully.)*

Much you know about it, Miss Jenkins. *You've* never been a princess.

MISS JENKINS.

*(Quietly.)*

No, I've never been a princess.



## THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

---

PRINCESS.

And I don't want to rule myself. I don't want to be ruled by anybody.

MISS JENKINS.

Except self.

PRINCESS.

*(Haughtily.)*

A princess may do anything she wishes. You know that. She isn't obliged to obey anybody—and she may have anything in the world.

MISS JENKINS.

Except happiness.

PRINCESS.

*(Curiously.)*

What do you mean by—happiness?

MISS JENKINS.

Something that everybody is looking for—that everybody wants.

PRINCESS.

But I have it, haven't I?

MISS JENKINS.

No, your royal highness, you haven't happiness. You don't know what it is.

PRINCESS.

Then I'll buy it!

MISS JENKINS.

But it can't be bought.

PRINCESS.

Everything can be bought.

MISS JENKINS.

Not happiness. It must be found.



LET'S PRETEND

---

PRINCESS.

(*Rising.*)

Then I'll find it.

MISS JENKINS.

It is often a long and weary search.

PRINCESS.

It won't be for a princess. (*Crosses back of bench to L.*)

MISS JENKINS.

Harder and wearier for a princess than for any-one else.

PRINCESS.

(*Sitting on arm of bench by MISS JENKINS.*)

Where will I find it?

MISS JENKINS.

That depends upon you.

PRINCESS.

Is it in the palace?

MISS JENKINS.

No.

PRINCESS.

The court?

MISS JENKINS.

Seldom.

PRINCESS.

The forest?

MISS JENKINS.

Sometimes.

PRINCESS.

(*With disgust.*)

You don't know yourself.

MISS JENKINS.

Perhaps not.

PRINCESS.

Have you ever seen it?

MISS JENKINS.

Yes, I've seen it.



## THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

---

PRINCESS.

What does it look like?

MISS JENKINS.

It is never the same.

PRINCESS.

Then how will I know it when I see it?

MISS JENKINS.

You'll just know—that's all.

PRINCESS.

Why didn't you keep it?

MISS JENKINS.

I tried.

PRINCESS.

But you *couldn't*?

MISS JENKINS.

(*Shaking head.*)

I couldn't.

PRINCESS.

(*Rising.*)

Happiness will never get away from me. When I find it I'll lock it in. (*Walks to R.*)

MISS JENKINS.

Locks won't keep it.

PRINCESS.

But the locks of the palace are strong.

MISS JENKINS.

Not strong enough to hold happiness.

PRINCESS.

(*Coming back.*)

But, Miss Jenkins—



## LET'S PRETEND

---

MISS JENKINS.

(*Hastily.*)

Now, now, your royal highness, you've talked enough. (*Gives her the large book.*) Sit quietly and look at the pretty book if you won't study your lessons. And when the sun goes down we'll walk back to the terrace and have tea. (*Takes up fancy work.*)

(*THE PRINCESS takes a pillow from the bench, throws it on ground down R. and seats herself.*)

PRINCESS.

(*To herself.*)

It's not in the palace, it's hard to keep, it never looks the same, but I'll know it when I find it. It's a very strange thing, this happiness, but I want it. I've always had just what I wanted and I'm going to have—this! Tomorrow I'll hunt every place. (*Suddenly.*) Why, it may be in this very forest; who knows? (*Closes book.*) I won't wait till tomorrow. I'll begin right now—to look for happiness. (*Looks furtively around at MISS JENKINS, who does not notice her, and rises.*)

CURTAIN.

## THE PLAY.

SCENE: *Same as Prologue, with enough change to make the setting seem another part of the forest. Bench is removed. Door down L. is revealed.*

*Discovered, PRINCESS, sitting on tree stump, at R. of stage. She carries her hat over her arm. SELF stands directly back of her and*



## THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

---

*throughout the act keeps this position, moving as she does. The GUIDE stands at C.*

PRINCESS.

(*To GUIDE.*)

What is the name of this forest?

GUIDE.

It is the Forest of Every Day.

PRINCESS.

(*Looking around.*)

Why should anything so beautiful be called Every Day?

GUIDE.

All the beautiful things are everyday things.

PRINCESS.

Then why haven't I seen them before this?

GUIDE.

Perhaps you haven't cared to see them.

PRINCESS.

(*Haughtily.*)

I am the Princess. (*Rises.*)

GUIDE.

All have the same rank in the Forest of Every Day.

PRINCESS.

And I am looking for happiness.

GUIDE.

Many are looking for happiness.

PRINCESS.

(*Taking step forward.*)

Will I find it—here?

GUIDE.

Happiness may always be found in the Forest of Every Day.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

PRINCESS.

Then lead me.

GUIDE.

I may not lead you to happiness, for happiness must be found by the one who seeks.

PRINCESS.

Then go with me. (*Crosses to her.*)

GUIDE.

Gladly.

PRINCESS.

Who are you?

GUIDE.

You will know my name at the end of the journey.

PRINCESS.

You mean when I find happiness?

GUIDE.

When you find happiness.

*Enter ARITHMETIC and GRAMMĀR at upper L. They stand there.*

PRINCESS.

(*Pointing.*)

What are those ugly shapes? They should not be in the Forest of Every Day.

GUIDE.

(*Turning.*)

Why do you call them ugly?

PRINCESS.

Because they are. See! One is all bent and crooked and he carries a burden.

GUIDE.

That is Arithmetic, and the burden is given by you children. Your tears and impatience and unwillingness to learn help to make him bent and crooked.



## THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

---

PRINCESS.

And the other has many scars and wounds and—

GUIDE.

That is English Grammar. All of you have tried to murder him.

PRINCESS.

*(Hiding her eyes.)*

I don't like them. I don't want to see them.  
(GUIDE leads her down stage to L.)

GUIDE.

Here. *(Hands opera glasses, which she wears on a ribbon around her neck.)* Suppose you look at them through my glasses and tell me what happens.

*(ARITHMETIC and GRAMMAR quickly drop cloaks and burden, straighten up and walk slowly across stage to R.)*

PRINCESS.

*(As she looks.)*

Why, they've changed. They've changed! Arithmetic is straight and splendid and his face is kind. Grammar is shining and beautiful. *(Exeunt GRAMMAR and ARITHMETIC at R.)*

GUIDE.

You are looking through the glasses of Patience and Perseverance. They have a magic all their own for they make the commonest objects fair and beautiful.

PRINCESS.

May I keep them?

GUIDE.

If you will use them each day.

PRINCESS.

I promise. *(Hangs the glasses around her neck)*



## LET'S PRETEND

---

*and turns.*) What is the shadow that follows? It never leaves me.

GUIDE.

It's *your* shadow.

SELF.

My name is Self.

PRINCESS.

But I do not want you—so near.

SELF.

You cannot help yourself. I am closer to you and dearer to you than anybody else.

PRINCESS.

Do you go with me all the way?

SELF.

All the way, unless—

PRINCESS.

Unless *what*?

SELF.

Unless you forget me.

*Enter PLEASURE at upper R.*

PLEASURE.

*(Dancing toward them.)*

Oh, pretty maid, come away with me. Come away. I am Pleasure.

PRINCESS.

*(Clasping her hands.)*

Oh!

PLEASURE.

I am gay and shining and I will lead you into flowery paths. Let *me* be your guide. *(Pauses at C.)*

PRINCESS.

*(Glancing first at PLEASURE and then at the GUIDE.)*

She's beautiful—so beautiful.



## THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

---

GUIDE.

And I am plain. Choose, then, between us.

SELF.

(*Whispering.*)

Follow Pleasure. Follow Pleasure.

PRINCESS.

(*To herself.*)

There is gold on her garment.

GUIDE.

But when you draw close to her you will find it tinsel.

PRINCESS.

She will lead me into pretty paths.

GUIDE.

But you will not find happiness.

PRINCESS.

Then I will not go.

(PLEASURE *dances to L. and goes off.* PRINCESS *follows her and looks off stage wistfully.*)

CONTENTMENT *enters at L. as ENVY enters at R.*

CONTENTMENT.

I want you for my playfellow. I am Contentment.

ENVY.

(*Coming to C.*)

Choose me. I am Envy.

SELF.

(*Whispering as she points to ENVY.*)

She wears prettier clothes. Let's have her.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

PRINCESS.

(*To CONTENTMENT.*)

What will you promise me if I play with you?

CONTENTMENT.

(*In surprise.*)

Promise you? Why, all the beautiful things that we find in the Forest of Every Day. (*They join ENVY at C.*)

ENVY.

Contentment is always satisfied with plain, everyday things. I want to go into the World Outside. I am tired of all *this*!

PRINCESS.

How can you be tired of anything so beautiful?

ENVY.

(*Disdainfully.*)

Do you call *this* beautiful? Why, off there (*pointing off stage*) there are golden palaces and kings and queens and princesses.

PRINCESS.

(*Haughtily.*)

I am a princess.

ENVY.

Yes, but you haven't all the pretty clothes and the spending money that the princesses in the Outside World have.

CONTENTMENT.

(*Whispering.*)

It doesn't matter if you haven't.

ENVY.

(*Impatiently.*)

Oh, come, come! We are tired of this place. We



## THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

---

want what other people have—the fun, the money, the pretty things.

SELF.

*(Whispering.)*

Let's go; let's go.

PRINCESS.

But I like it here. *(Takes CONTENTMENT's hand.)* I choose to stay with Contentment.

ENVY.

Then I'll say goodbye. *(Goes to R. and turns.)*  
Where Contentment is, I can never be. *(Exit R.)*

IMAGINATION *enters at L.*

PRINCESS.

*(In wonder.)*

Is it a fairy?

CONTENTMENT.

The fairy, Imagination.

IMAGINATION.

*(Dancing toward PRINCESS.)*

Let me touch your eyes. *(Touches eyes with wand.)* There!

PRINCESS.

*(Looking around.)*

Oh! What's happened? The trees aren't trees. They're lovely, graceful ladies, bowing and gliding and dancing.

IMAGINATION.

*(Pointing off R.)*

And look!

PRINCESS.

*(Looking.)*

Are the fireflies really little elves? What are they carrying?



## LET'S PRETEND

---

IMAGINATION.

The prayers of the flowers.

PRINCESS.

*(Looking up.)*

The sky is a mirror—a wonderful mirror.

IMAGINATION.

And it reflects the good and the naughty things we do. *(Touches PRINCESS' ears with wand.)*  
Listen!

PRINCESS.

Are they fairy harps that we hear?

IMAGINATION.

The music of happy hearts.

PRINCESS.

And the birds! I can understand their songs.

IMAGINATION.

Imagination does that for you. Imagination touches the daily sights and the daily tasks with magic.

PRINCESS.

I shall want you with me always. *(Reaches out both hands.)*

IMAGINATION.

*(Dancing off.)*

Then you have only to shut your eyes, to wish for me and I shall be there. *(Exit R.)*

PRINCESS.

*(To CONTENTMENT and GUIDE.)*

Come, let us go on. But first there is a door that I must open. *(Points to door at lower L.)*

GUIDE.

Be careful. *(Points to ground.)*



## THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

---

PRINCESS.

Oh, the pretty flowers! And I almost stepped on them. (*Looks closer.*) They have little faces.

GUIDE.

And they smile when people think of them and weep when people tread upon them.

PRINCESS.

But who would tread upon them?

GUIDE.

They are called Other People's Feelings and many of us do not fear to hurt Other People's Feelings.

PRINCESS.

Oh, I've hurt them so often. But I didn't know it was like this—I didn't know. Oh, I shall never do it again. I promise.

CONTENTMENT.

Then you shall have the Order of the Loving Heart as a reward. (*Pins golden heart upon her as SELF quietly steals away and off at R.*) And with the Loving Heart one does not hurt another.

PRINCESS.

(*Looking around.*)

Why, where is Self?

GUIDE.

She has gone.

PRINCESS.

I had forgotten her.

GUIDE.

And when Self is forgotten she steals away.

PRINCESS.

(*Taking hand of each.*)

Now come with me. I must find what is behind the door.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

GUIDE.

Do not go near. It is a wretched place. Within there lives a cruel witch, Bad Temper.

PRINCESS.

But I will not let her catch me. I promise. And I must see everything in the Forest of Every Day. (*Coaxingly.*) Come.

GUIDE.

I may not.

CONTENTMENT.

Nor I. (*They withdraw to R.*)

PRINCESS.

Then will you wait for me? (*Knocks at door.*)

BAD TEMPER *opens door, springs out and seizes* PRINCESS.

BAD TEMPER.

So, ho, my little princess. You've come to me at last. You're mine to use as I will.

PRINCESS.

(*Struggling.*)

Oh, no, no! Please let me go.

BAD TEMPER.

Not so fast; not so fast. Anybody who has been as fond of me as you have been ought to be glad to become my willing slave.

PRINCESS.

But I don't want to be your slave.

BAD TEMPER.

Haven't you called upon me when you couldn't get your lessons?

PRINCESS.

Yes, but—

BAD TEMPER.

And when things didn't suit you?



## THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

---

Perhaps. PRINCESS.

BAD TEMPER.  
And when you didn't get what you wanted?

PRINCESS.  
But I didn't mean—

BAD TEMPER.  
To become my property. No, of course you didn't. But I've got you now. I've got you now!

PRINCESS.  
(*In despair.*)  
Save me—oh! save me!

CONTENTMENT.  
(*Sadly.*)  
Only Self-Control can save you from Bad Temper.

BAD TEMPER.  
'Tis too late now. When Bad Temper once lays hold of a victim, she does not loose her grasp.

PRINCESS.  
(*Calling.*)  
Self-Control, save me! Take me away!

*Enter SELF-CONTROL at R.*

SELF-CONTROL.  
Who calls me? (*As she spies BAD TEMPER and the PRINCESS.*) Ah, your charm again, Bad Temper! (*Crosses to C.*) Let her go.

BAD TEMPER.  
(*As she pushes PRINCESS toward door.*)  
Once over this doorstep, once over this doorstep, and you are mine!



## LET'S PRETEND

---

### SELF-CONTROL.

*(Coming to PRINCESS.)*

Princess, give me your hand. *(She takes her outstretched hand.)* And listen. If you cross the doorstep you are in the power of Bad Temper. If I am to save you, you must help me. *(They pull away from BAD TEMPER.)* You must pull with me. *(They struggle more fiercely.)* You must—*(they break away from BAD TEMPER)* There! Her charm is broken. *(Exit BAD TEMPER into door, shaking her fist.)*

PRINCESS.

Oh, how could I call upon her! How could I put myself in her power! *(Takes hands of SELF-CONTROL.)* Oh, Self-Control, Self-Control, I'm very grateful. *(After a moment.)* Shall we all go on now?

GUIDE.

*(Coming to C.)*

There is no need to go farther. The search is over.

PRINCESS.

But I must find Happiness.

GUIDE.

You have already found Happiness.

PRINCESS.

I have found Contentment and Self-Control.

GUIDE.

You have seen through the glasses of Patience and Perseverance. You have spared Other People's Feelings. You bear the Order of the Loving Heart. You have forgotten Self. So Happiness is close by.



## THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

---

PRINCESS.

(*Stepping nearer.*)

Are—you—Happiness?

GUIDE.

I am Happiness. I have been with you from the very first. You have had only to stretch forth your hand to touch me.

PRINCESS.

(*In awe.*)

Contentment, Self-Control, Happiness! I have found you all in the Forest of Every Day!

CURTAIN.

### EPILOGUE.

SCENE: *Same as Prologue. Discovered, PRINCESS, lying on ground with head on pillow. MISS JENKINS bends over her.*

MISS JENKINS.

Wake up, wake up, your royal highness. The sun is set and we are late.

PRINCESS.

(*Sleepily.*)

Why, I thought I was in the Forest of Every Day. (*Sits up.*)

MISS JENKINS.

You're in the palace grounds. What do you mean by the Forest of Every Day?

PRINCESS.

It's where Contentment and Self-Control and Happiness are found.



LET'S PRETEND

---

MISS JENKINS.

(*Puzzled.*)

I don't understand.

PRINCESS.

I'm going to be a good princess, Miss Jenkins.  
I promise.

MISS JENKINS.

(*Anxiously.*)

It must have been an ugly dream, your highness.

PRINCESS.

Oh, it was a beautiful dream. Imagination  
touched my eyes.

MISS JENKINS.

You're joking with me.

PRINCESS.

Oh, no, I'm not; for if you step on other people's  
feelings you don't get the Loving Heart. (*As Miss  
JENKINS looks at her closely.*) Oh, you may not  
see it, but it's here. (*Touches her heart.*)

MISS JENKINS.

Pick up your arithmetic and your grammar.

PRINCESS.

(*As she picks them up.*)

Poor old arithmetic, poor old grammar!

MISS JENKINS.

(*Sharply.*)

What makes you talk in such a way? You hate  
your books.

PRINCESS.

Not when I see them through the glasses of Pa-  
tience and Perseverance.



## THE FOREST OF EVERY DAY

---

MISS JENKINS.

Nonsense!

PRINCESS.

Oh, no it isn't, dear Miss Jenkins.

MISS JENKINS.

*(In amazement.)*

Dear Miss Jenkins!

PRINCESS.

*(Coming close to her.)*

You're going to find me very different, because—

MISS JENKINS.

Because *what?*

PRINCESS.

I've been in the Forest of Every Day.

CURTAIN.







**A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE.**





CHRISTMAS DAY



ST PATRICK



THANKSGIVING



JUNE GRADUATE



HALLOWE'EN



VALENTINE



FATHER TIME



4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY



NEW YEAR



CHRISTMAS EVE



AUGUST VACATION



LABOR



MAY  
QUEEN



APRIL FOOL



# A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE



## CHARACTERS.

CHRISTMAS DAY—*the*  
*host.*

CHRISTMAS EVE—*his*  
*sister.*

NEW YEAR.

VALENTINE.

ST. PATRICK.

APRIL FOOL.

MAY QUEEN.

JUNE GRADUATE.

FOURTH OF JULY.

AUGUST VACATION.

LABOR.

HALLOWE'EN.

THANKSGIVING.

FATHER TIME.

---

PLACE—*Christmas Day's Living Room.*

---

TIME—*The Twenty-fifth of December.*

---

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Thirty Minutes.*

---

## STORY OF THE PLAY.

Christmas Day is entertaining the other holidays at a Yule-time party. He leaves his sister, Christmas Eve, to put the last touches to the tree on which there is a remembrance for each guest, and



during his absence, April Fool persuades her to change the cards on the gifts. Much consternation and entanglement follow—all of which is finally righted by the host.

---

## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

**CHRISTMAS DAY**—Serious and dignified. White flannel suit, sprig of holly in buttonhole. At the very beginning of the play he wears a dressing gown.

**CHRISTMAS EVE**—Full of mischief. White gown trimmed with holly and mistletoe.

**NEW YEAR**—Small boy. White suit of a modern style.

**VALENTINE**—Sentimental. Dainty white tarlatan dress with adornment of red hearts, cupids, etc.

**ST. PATRICK**—Good-natured and jovial. Irish suit with tight trousers and long coat. Carries tall sugar-loaf hat.

**APRIL FOOL**—Mischievous. Conventional jester costume with cap and bells.

**MAY QUEEN**—Affected. Fluffy white gown. Wreath of flowers.

**JUNE GRADUATE**—Haughty. College cap and gown over white dress.

**FOURTH OF JULY**—Athletic type. Costume of red, white and blue.

**AUGUST VACATION**—Athletic girl. Sport suit, sweater, etc.

**LABOR**—Matter-of-fact. Dark trousers, high boots, flannel shirt. Carries slouch hat.



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

**HALLOWE'EN**—Quick in manner and speech. Black tarlatan dress with jack-o'-lanterns of orange cardboard, suspended from belt by orange colored ribbons. Witch's cap.

**THANKSGIVING**—Amiable and elderly. Plain, dark dress. White shawl.

**FATHER TIME**—Old and tottery. Long, white beard. Loose, black gown.

---

### PROPERTIES.

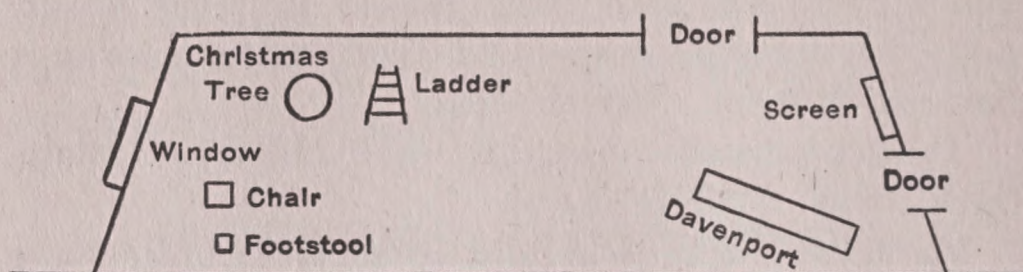
Christmas tree with ornaments, lights, etc. Small stepladder. Davenport, chair and footstool. Rugs, curtains, evergreen wreaths, holly, mistletoe, etc. Cards for presents. Tam-o'-Shanter for New Year. Heartshaped box of candy for Valentine. Blarney Stone for St. Patrick. Cap and bells for April Fool. Ballet slippers for May Queen. Laurel wreath for June Graduate. Pistol for Fourth of July. Small box with powder puff for August Vacation. Hammock for Labor. Mirror for Hallowe'en. Fireless cooker for Thanksgiving. Crutch for Father Time.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

### SCENE PLOT.



### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of stage; *C.*, center; *L.*, left; *C. in F.*, center of flat running across the back of stage. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE.

SCENE: CHRISTMAS DAY's *living room*. Doors *L. of C. in F. and down L.* Window down *R.* Christmas tree with lights and ornaments *R. of C. in F.* Stepladder near by. Folded screen against wall down *L.* Large chair and hassock down *R.* Davenport down *L.* Pretty rugs for floor, window draperies, pictures, etc. Decorations of Christmas wreaths, holly, evergreen and mistletoe. Stage well illuminated.

*Discovered*, CHRISTMAS DAY, standing by tree, surrounded with various gifts.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

(*Calling.*)

Oh, Christmas Eve!

CHRISTMAS EVE appears at door *L. of C. in F.*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Yes? What is it, Christmas Day?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Can you spare me a moment?

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Is it important?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Aren't Christmas presents always important?

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It depends. (*Hesitates.*)

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Depends upon what?

CHRISTMAS EVE.

The presents. (*Comes to him.*) Well?



## LET'S PRETEND

---

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Help me straighten these out. I'm late.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

As usual. (*As she examines the gifts.*) Why, these things aren't even wrapped.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

And they're not going to be. Just hang them on the tree any old way. (CHRISTMAS EVE *climbs stepladder.*) Has everybody come?

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Everybody but Father Time. Fourth of July offered to give him a lift in his new Firecracker Six, but Father Time is scared to death of automobiles and preferred to walk.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Speaking of Father Time, here's a new crutch for him. (*Hands her the crutch.*) Hang it high.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(*Examining it.*)

The card—

CHRISTMAS DAY.

The cards are all on. You're just to help me put the gifts on the tree.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(*After hanging crutch on tree.*)

What next?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

(*Tossing cap to her.*)

A Tam-o'-Shanter for New Year. Poor kid. He certainly needs warm clothes.



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

CHRISTMAS EVE.

*(As she hangs it.)*

A sweater would have been more appropriate, I'm thinking. *(As she spies a package which CHRISTMAS DAY is tying on the tree.)* What's that?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

A heart full of kisses for Valentine.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

*(Sniffing.)*

Stuff and nonsense! She's so silly now that—

CHRISTMAS DAY.

*(Tossing up Blarney Stone.)*

Catch!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

*(Catching it.)*

What on earth is this?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

A new Blarney Stone for St. Patrick.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

*(Placing it on tree.)*

He needs it badly—hasn't given me a compliment for a whole week.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

*(Holding up cap and bells.)*

What do you think of cap and bells for April Fool? *(Hangs it.)*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

*(Disdainfully.)*

You gave him the same thing last year. Too suggestive.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Tie these ballet slippers where they'll show. They're for May Queen. *(Holds out slippers.)*



## LET'S PRETEND

---

CHRISTMAS EVE.

*(Examining them.)*

Too short. How some girls do cramp their feet.  
*(As she places them on tree.)* Now she'll be more  
conceited than ever over her dancing.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

*(Holding out wreath.)*

I'm downright proud of this—hunted every-  
where for it.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

What is it—poison ivy?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

It's genuine laurel.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

And who in this crowd is clever enough to draw  
a laurel wreath?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

*(Placing it on tree.)*

Why, June Graduate, of course. She's just re-  
ceived her degree.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Degree! For what? *(Shrugging her shoul-  
ders.)* I simply can't stand her airs and uppish-  
ness.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

*(Holding up pistol.)*

Tie this where New Year can't reach it.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

*(As she places it on tree.)*

Who's going to shoot himself?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Oh, it's for Fourth of July. He'd make a good  
soldier, and if we should ever have a war he ought



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

to be prepared. (*Takes powder puff from small box.*)

CHRISTMAS EVE.

I thought maybe the powder puff was for Fourth of July.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

(*Replacing puff in box.*)

Whatever put that in your head?

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Well, the name is appropriate, even if the gift isn't. Whose is it, then?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

(*Tying box on tree.*)

It's for August Vacation. I thought it might be handy during the hot spell.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(*Spitefully.*)

Lazy thing. She'll need it all right. Face is always shiny.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

(*Throwing hammock at foot of tree.*)

Bully hammock, isn't it? Old Labor needs a chance to rest sometime and—(*takes up mirror*).

CHRISTMAS EVE.

What a stunning mirror!

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Isn't it? With this I hope Hallowe'en will be able to reflect the face of her future husband. (*Ties it on tree.*)

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Poor thing! She's been trying long enough.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

CHRISTMAS DAY.

*(As he pushes fireless cooker to bottom of tree.)*

Now we'll push the fireless cooker—*here*. It's for Thanksgiving. Poor old lady! She's just worn herself out over the hot stove.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

*(Sitting on top of ladder.)*

That's all, isn't it?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

That's all. Now I'll be off to dress. Keep them out of here until I return and then we'll distribute the gifts.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

I'll try to; but do hurry back. I can manage the men, but the girls are beyond me. *(Exit CHRISTMAS DAY at L. of C. in F.)*

*(CHRISTMAS EVE puts a few last touches to the tree.)*

APRIL FOOL *appears at door down L.*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

*(Turning and spying him.)*

Hello, April Fool!

APRIL FOOL.

Hello! May I come in?

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Not yet. You're unexpected.

APRIL FOOL.

I always am. *(Whistles as he sees the tree.)*  
Wonder what's coming to me? *(Enters.)*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Guess.



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

APRIL FOOL.

*(Disgustedly.)*

Cap and bells. The same old thing. Even if I hadn't seen it I should have known.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

You get a new set each year, don't you?

APRIL FOOL.

That's what comes of having a name like mine. *(Comes close to tree.)* Care if I look?

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Oh, since you're in here I don't suppose it matters. You'll see the same old things for the same old people.

APRIL FOOL.

And hear them say the same old thing when they get them—"Just what I wanted!" Doesn't it make you tired?

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It certainly does. I wish an earthquake would scatter these things, so that each present would go to someone it wasn't intended for.

APRIL FOOL.

*(Suddenly.)*

Let's do it!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Do what?

APRIL FOOL.

Be an earthquake.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Don't be silly.

APRIL FOOL.

I mean change the cards so that each one will get something he doesn't expect.



LET'S PRETEND

---

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Oh, I wouldn't dare!

APRIL FOOL.

(*Tauntingly.*)

Fraidy-cat!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas Day would be furious.

APRIL FOOL.

What do you care?

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(*Regretfully.*)

But it *would* be fun.

APRIL FOOL.

Oh, wouldn't it! (*Coaxingly.*) Say you will.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(*Suddenly.*)

I will! (APRIL FOOL *claps his hands.*) But we must hurry. If Christmas Day should even suspect—why—

APRIL FOOL.

I'll start with myself. (*Takes card from cap and bells.*) Off comes this card—and—let me see—what shall I choose? (*Spying the laurel wreath.*) The laurel wreath! It's the first chance I've ever had to wear a laurel wreath. (*Takes card from wreath and places wreath on head.*)

CHRISTMAS EVE.

And the last! Here, let's give your cap and bells to June Graduate. She'll *rave!* (*As the conversation proceeds the cards are changed as indicated.*)

APRIL FOOL.

How will the ballet slippers do for Father Time?



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Oh, April Fool—how *dreadful*!

APRIL FOOL.

He'll be turning backward in his flight all right, all right. (*Chuckles.*)

CHRISTMAS EVE.

And his crutch—

APRIL FOOL.

Shall go to May Queen. She's always wanting a new partner for the dance.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Valentine's kisses shall be given to Thanksgiving. She's a nice old soul and won't have her head turned by the attention.

APRIL FOOL.

And Thanksgiving's fireless cooker will be a regular joy to Fourth of July. So appropriate, too.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Who'll get Fourth of July's pistol?

APRIL FOOL.

New Year. He'll probably shoot the company to pieces.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

New Year's Tam-o'-Shanter will do for St. Patrick. He'll be downright coy in it.

APRIL FOOL.

And we'll give his Blarney Stone to Valentine.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Good! Maybe it will bring her some new rhymes for heart—and love—and kiss—and—

APRIL FOOL.

Hallowe'en's mirror can go to August Vacation.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

I don't know that I approve. She's vain now.

### APRIL FOOL.

Then this will be a sure cure for it.

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

The powder puff will be the very thing for Labor. I don't know how he's done without it all these years.

### APRIL FOOL.

And his hammock shall go to Hallowe'en. She has as much use for it as a kitten for nine tails.

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

There—it's done! And upon your head fall the consequences. (*Descends from ladder.*)

### APRIL FOOL.

They'll be hot ones all right. (*Rushes to screen down L.*) Here. Help me put a screen in front of the tree. (*Together they place a screen in front of the tree.*) Now we'll escape while the coast is clear. (*Exeunt APRIL FOOL and CHRISTMAS EVE, L. of C. in F.*)

*Enter VALENTINE, JUNE GRADUATE and AUGUST VACATION down L.*

### AUGUST VACATION.

Good gracious—we've blundered into the very room we shouldn't—the tree is here.

### JUNE GRADUATE.

(*Languidly.*)

What difference does it make, August Vacation? Gifts are such a bore. (*Seats herself on davenport.*)



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

VALENTINE.

Oh, June Graduate, do you think so? I *adore* gifts. I've never yet had one that didn't thrill me. (*Sits on arm of davenport.*)

JUNE GRADUATE.

And I've yet to see one that could excite me either one way or the other, Valentine.

VALENTINE.

(*Gushingly.*)

It isn't the gift so much as the thought which pleases me.

AUGUST VACATION.

(*Going to screen.*)

I'm dying to know what there is for me on that tree. Is there any harm in peeking?

JUNE GRADUATE.

Why, none that I can see. This matter of having a certain time to distribute packages is foolish.

VALENTINE.

I'll peek if you will; but we're not supposed to be in here.

AUGUST VACATION.

I'll go back of the screen and hand them out. (*Goes back of screen.*) Why, June Graduate, you can't imagine what is on the tree for you.

JUNE GRADUATE.

(*Sitting up.*)

Really?

AUGUST VACATION.

You couldn't guess in a thousand years.

JUNE GRADUATE.

(*Impatiently.*)

Well, what is it? Don't keep me in suspense. (*Rises.*)



## LET'S PRETEND

---

### AUGUST VACATION.

*(Coming from behind screen with cap and bells.)*

It's a cap and bells—a regular jester outfit—and on the card it says, "What four years' study has brought you." *(Goes back of screen.)*

### JUNE GRADUATE.

*(As she takes them.)*

How dare you read my card? *(Throws card on floor.)* And cap and bells for me—me—with all my brains! *(Furiously.)* It's a mistake—an insult—oh! *(Sinks upon davenport.)*

### VALENTINE.

*(Sweetly.)*

How fortunate, dear, that gifts do not excite you, either one way or the other. *(To AUGUST VACATION.)* Will you see what is on the tree for me?

### AUGUST VACATION.

*(From behind screen.)*

This will thrill you all right. If it were thrown hard enough it might kill you. *(Comes out with mirror in one hand and Blarney Stone in the other.)*

### VALENTINE.

*(As she takes the stone.)*

This *couldn't* belong to me. You've made a mistake.

### AUGUST VACATION.

Your name is on it.

### VALENTINE.

What is the thing, anyway?

### AUGUST VACATION.

It's a Blarney Stone. You ought to know one



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

when you see it. Aren't you always using love and dove and heart and dart and blue and true and—

VALENTINE.

(*Rising angrily.*)

You shall not speak to me that way. I *don't* flatter. I *don't* gush—if that's what you mean.

AUGUST VACATION.

Then maybe this is a gentle hint for you to do so.

JUNE GRADUATE.

Or to do *what* you do with more tact.

VALENTINE.

(*Weeping.*)

I've never been treated so in all my life. I wish he'd kept his old present—I *do*—for I'd rather do without anything than to have a gift I didn't want. (*Crosses to chair down R. and sits with back to others.*)

JUNE GRADUATE.

(*Spitefully.*)

It isn't the gift, dear, but the thought, you know.

AUGUST VACATION.

(*Holding out mirror.*)

Look what I have! (VALENTINE, *devoured with curiosity, turns her head.*) Pretty, isn't it? Though, of course, I should have preferred something else. (*Thoughtfully.*) I wonder why Christmas Day chose this for *me*!

VALENTINE.

(*Insinuatingly.*)

Sometimes it's well enough for us to see ourselves as others see us.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

AUGUST VACATION.

(*Angrily.*)

Now what do you mean by that?

*Enter ST. PATRICK down L.*

ST. PATRICK.

Faith, and ye all are a sorry lookin' lot. And what's been a-throublin' ye?

JUNE GRADUATE.

(*Without looking around.*)

Merry Christmas, St. Patrick—that's all. (*Points to tree.*) Run along and find what's growing for you on the tree.

ST. PATRICK.

Begorry, and it isn't time.

AUGUST VACATION.

Oh, yes it is. We're doing things differently this year. Hurry! (ST. PATRICK *goes back of screen.* AUGUST VACATION *stands back of davenport.*)

ST. PATRICK.

(*Behind the screen, after a moment.*)

I've niver seen the loike of this. (*As he emerges, wearing the Tam-o'-Shanter.*) Sure, and I'm feelin' foolish in this.

VALENTINE.

(*Laughing.*)

Sure and you're looking foolish, too.

JUNE GRADUATE.

Is Christmas Day losing his mind that he would wish to disfigure you like this?



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

ST. PATRICK.

(*Bridling.*)

Well, I wouldn't be afther sayin' that it's dis-figurin'.

JUNE GRADUATE.

Then you'd better look in August Vacation's mirror.

AUGUST VACATION.

Do you know what you are wearing?

ST. PATRICK.

Sure and isn't it a cap?

AUGUST VACATION.

It's a Tam-o'-Shanter! (*Impressively.*) And Tam-o'-Shanter was a Scotchman.

ST. PATRICK.

A *Scotchman*? Nay, nay—

AUGUST VACATION.

There's no *nay, nay* about it. He *was*—and Bobby Burns wrote a poem about it.

ST. PATRICK.

(*Angrily.*)

Alack! And I niver thought I'd be puttin' a Scotch hat upon me head! (*Throws cap on floor as—*)

FOURTH OF JULY *enters down L.*

FOURTH OF JULY.

What's the matter, Pat? Throwing you hat in the ring? (*Advances to C.*)

ST. PATRICK.

It's down with all Tam-o'-Shanthers say I.

JUNE GRADUATE.

(*Motioning ST. PATRICK to sit by her.*)

And down with all Christmas presents. (ST.



LET'S PRETEND

---

PATRICK *sits on davenport.*) Look, Fourth of July. (*Holds up cap and bells.*) See what Christmas Day has given me!

FOURTH OF JULY.

(*Whistling.*)

Cap and bells—and *you!* Say, that's rich.

VALENTINE.

(*Holding up stone.*)

And a Blarney Stone for *me!*

FOURTH OF JULY.

Jumping Jehoshaphat!

AUGUST VACATION.

(*Pointing to tree.*)

Why don't you go for yours?

FOURTH OF JULY.

I'm afraid.

JUNE GRADUATE.

It might be a French doll.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Just for that I'll find out. (*Goes behind screen.*)

*Enter HALLOWE'EN L. of C. in F.*

HALLOWE'EN.

Oh, have I interrupted? You seem to be having a meeting. Is it a club?

ST. PATRICK.

(*Rising.*)

Faith, and we're wishin' it were a club. We'd be usin' it on—

HALLOWE'EN.

(*Coming to C.*)

Each other, judging by your expressions.



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

JUNE GRADUATE.

*(Crossly.)*

Don't try to be funny, Hallowe'en.

HALLOWE'EN.

*(Sitting on arm of davenport.)*

What's back there? *(Points to tree. ST. PATRICK sits again on davenport.)*

VALENTINE.

*(Sweetly.)*

Christmas spirit—lot's of it!

FOURTH OF JULY.

*(From behind screen.)*

'Tain't so—it's Fourth of July!

HALLOWE'EN.

What are you doing?

FOURTH OF JULY.

*(From behind screen.)*

Playing with a fireless cooker.

AUGUST VACATION.

*(Crossing and peeping behind screen.)*

Well, it's the first time you've ever played with anything fireless. *(Stands back of VALENTINE.)*

HALLOWE'EN.

*(Puzzled.)*

Hasn't lost his mind, has he?

FOURTH OF JULY.

*(From behind screen.)*

No—only his perfectly good disposition.

VALENTINE.

It's the Christmas tree, dear, and we're getting the *loveliest* presents.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

HALLOWE'EN.

Oh, *are* we? (*To* FOURTH OF JULY.) Pass mine out while you're there, July.

FOURTH OF JULY.

(*Coming from behind screen.*)

It's just what you need—a hammock. (*As HALLOWE'EN rises he throws hammock about her shoulders.*)

HALLOWE'EN.

But I don't want a hammock!

JUNE GRADUATE.

(*In affected surprise.*)

Oh, don't you? We're just crazy over *our* things.

HALLOWE'EN.

Whoever heard of Hallowe'en lying quiet in a hammock?

VALENTINE.

Maybe it's to hold the black cats and the witches.

HALLOWE'EN.

(*Disgustedly.*)

No self-respecting black cat would be found in it. And if the witches saw me there, they'd beat me with broomsticks.

FOURTH OF JULY.

What does Christmas Day mean by making laughing stocks of us? (*Sarcastically.*) Fireless cooker indeed! I'll roast *him*! (*Walks to window and gazes out.*)

ST. PATRICK.

(*Plaintively.*)

Faith, and I niver thought I'd be havin' a Scotch hat upon me head!

*Enter* MAY QUEEN *and* LABOR *down* L.



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

MAY QUEEN.

*(As she enters.)*

Then, shall I save the third dance for you, Labor? *(Advances to C.)*

LABOR.

It's good of you, May Queen, to save *any* dance for me.

FOURTH OF JULY.

*(Hurrying to them.)*

Look here, May Queen, don't forget the ones you promised me.

ST. PATRICK.

*(Rising and joining them.)*

Sure, and I'm a-wantin' me own name on your list!

VALENTINE.

*(To AUGUST VACATION.)*

What anybody sees in *her*, I don't know. Simpering thing. All she can do is *dance*. (HALLOWE'EN *crosses to window.*)

JUNE GRADUATE.

*(Composedly.)*

I'm glad my brains aren't in my feet.

AUGUST VACATION.

*(Crossing and sitting by JUNE GRADUATE.)*

Where *do* you keep yours?

MAY QUEEN.

*(Looking around.)*

Oh, everybody has a present. I didn't know they'd been given out.

HALLOWE'EN.

They haven't. They've been taken. *(Points to tree.)* Help yourself.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

LABOR.

*(As MAY QUEEN starts.)*

I'll go with you.

*(They go behind screen. After a moment of silence MAY QUEEN screams. ST. PATRICK tiptoes to screen and peeps behind.)*

ST. PATRICK.

*(Turning and whispering to others.)*

She has a crutch—a crutch! *(Bends over with laughter.)*

LABOR.

*(Angrily, behind screen.)*

I'll get even with him for this!

ST. PATRICK.

*(Peeping, then turning to others.)*

He has a powder puff. *(Laughingly.)* A powder puff!

MAY QUEEN.

*(Emerging with crutch.)*

Oh, who *could* be so cruel as to give me a crutch—*me*, the best dancer in our set! *(LABOR follows.)*

JUNE GRADUATE.

*(Sarcastically.)*

Perhaps it's to correct your steps, my dear.

HALLOWE'EN.

Or to make you sure of at least *one* partner.

MAY QUEEN.

*(Spitefully.)*

In that case I'll lend it to you. You need it more than I.

LABOR.

*(Holding powder puff at arm's length.)*

Is there anything ladylike about me? Have I done anything to deserve this—this—*(hesitates)*



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

VALENTINE.

Powder puff, Labor! It's very good looking.

LABOR.

What would I do with such a thing?

FOURTH OF JULY.

It's a pity that Christmas Day didn't ask himself that question before he wished this stuff on us.

AUGUST VACATION.

A powder puff will be lovely to cool your fevered brow, Labor.

JUNE GRADUATE.

Or to ease the sweat of toil.

LABOR.

Do you think I intend to stand this?

FOURTH OF JULY.

*(Motioning to davenport.)*

Sit down, then. We've all been in this surprise party. *Look! (All hold up their gifts.)*

LABOR.

*(Angrily.)*

And you mean to accept these things without a protest?

AUGUST VACATION.

We might trade. I see several things which I'd rather have than this mirror. That powder puff, for instance—and the hammock.

LABOR.

*(Sternly.)*

We won't trade. We'll make him take them back.

MAY QUEEN.

People don't do that with Christmas gifts, do they?



## LET'S PRETEND

---

LABOR.

If they *did* there would be fewer mistakes.

FOURTH OF JULY.

(*Chuckling.*)

And fewer presents.

LABOR.

(*Dramatically.*)

Where *is* Christmas Day?

ST. PATRICK.

It's dressin' up that he is.

LABOR.

And it's dressing down that he needs. Who'll go with me?

ALL.

I! (*All exeunt L. of C. in F., headed by LABOR, and talking excitedly.*)

*Enter FATHER TIME, THANKSGIVING and NEW YEAR by the same door.*

THANKSGIVING.

(*Looking after them.*)

Dear me, Father Time, what can be the matter?

FATHER TIME.

(*Limping.*)

Young folks are so careless, Thanksgiving. That harum-scarum Fourth of July almost tripped me up.

NEW YEAR.

I want to go, too! I want to go, too!

THANKSGIVING.

Sh! New Year. Little boys should be seen and not heard.

ST. PATRICK *reappears at L. of C. in F.*



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

ST. PATRICK.

Ye'll be findin' the presents back o' the screen.  
Good luck to ye. (*Exit.*)

FATHER TIME.

(*Querulously.*)

Now what can Patrick be meaning? (*As he spies the tree.*) Oh, the Christmas Tree. We must be late.

THANKSGIVING.

Surely not. But anyway they would leave our presents for us. (*Pushes FATHER TIME into chair.*) Now, you jest set still, Father Time, on account of your rheumatiz, and I'll go fetch the bundles here.

NEW YEAR.

(*Jumping up and down.*)

I want to go, too!

THANKSGIVING.

(*Severely.*)

New Year, you can't do ev'rything that grown-up folks do.

NEW YEAR.

I want to be grown-up folks, too.

THANKSGIVING.

Don't you worry 'bout that, New Year. You'll be grown-up 'fore you know it. (*Goes back of screen.*)

FATHER TIME.

(*Pushing NEW YEAR on footstool.*)

Now set right still and Thanksgiving will fetch you a present. (*NEW YEAR sits down unwillingly.*)

THANKSGIVING.

(*Emerging with ballet slippers and box of candy.*)

Here's some new-fangled bedroom slippers for



## LET'S PRETEND

---

you, Father Time. Ain't Christmas Day mistook your size?

FATHER TIME.

*(Taking them.)*

Well, now, ain't they pretty; and 'twas real good to remember the old man with something so useful and practical. *(Tries to put them on.)* They *do* seem to bind.

THANKSGIVING.

*(Anxiously.)*

Maybe you can have them changed for a size larger.

FATHER TIME.

*(Eagerly.)*

What did *you* get, Thanksgiving?

THANKSGIVING.

*(Sitting on davenport.)*

I reckon you'd never guess. A box full of candy, jest like the ones the girls get. Land sakes! I'm real skittish about it. Christmas Day always knows what's what for folks.

NEW YEAR.

Where's my present?

THANKSGIVING.

Gracious goodness! I clean forgot to look for it, New Year. You run back and fetch it for yourself. *(NEW YEAR goes back of screen.)*

Now, Father Time, we'll open this box of candy and have a real nice cozy time 'fore the others come back.

NEW YEAR *enters, shooting pistol.*



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

THANKSGIVING.

*(Jumping up.)*

New Year! Put down that pistol.

NEW YEAR.

It's my present. *(Fires.)*

FATHER TIME.

*(Hopping up.)*

Look here, sonny, don't you dare point that at me. *(Gets behind chair.)*

*Enter CHRISTMAS DAY and all the others L. of C. in F. CHRISTMAS DAY strides to C. and the others crowd around the doorway.*

CHRISTMAS DAY.

What's all this? *(NEW YEAR fires again to everyone's consternation.)* Where did you get that pistol? *(Tries to catch him.)*

NEW YEAR.

*(Escaping.)*

On the Christmas Tree. It's my present and I won't give it up.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Stand around—all of you. *(They form semi-circle around him.)* Now, somebody here has been playing a trick, for the cards on the presents have been changed. When Christmas Eve and I arranged them—*(Suddenly looks around.)* By the way, where is Christmas Eve?

*Enter CHRISTMAS EVE and APRIL FOOL down L.*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

*(Standing back of davenport.)*

Here! *(APRIL FOOL joins her.)*



## LET'S PRETEND

---

### CHRISTMAS DAY.

And April Fool's with you. I begin to understand. Look here, both of you. Who changed those cards?

### APRIL FOOL.

I did!

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

And I helped him. We thought it would be a lark.

### CHRISTMAS DAY.

*(Grimly.)*

It *was*—a lark!

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

And then you mean old things couldn't wait, and spoiled everything by snooping around ahead of time.

### CHRISTMAS DAY.

*(Sternly.)*

April Fool, take off that laurel wreath and give it to June Graduate.

### APRIL FOOL.

*(Tossing wreath to JUNE GRADUATE.)*

You bet I will. I've had enough of it. *(As JUNE GRADUATE throws him cap and bells.)* Gee, but my old cap and bells are good enough for me.

### CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christmas Eve, take that crutch to Father Time and give the ballet slippers to May Queen. *(She obeys. FATHER TIME sinks into the chair again and MAY QUEEN perches on the arm of it.)* Labor, here's your hammock. *(Takes hammock from HALLOWE'EN's shoulders and throws it to LABOR.)* The powder puff belongs to August Vacation.



## A CHRISTMAS TREE JOKE

---

AUGUST VACATION.

(*As LABOR hands the powder puff.*)  
But I like the mirror, too.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

So will Hallowe'en. It's hers. (*HALLOWE'EN snatches mirror and rushes off.*) April Fool, bring Thanksgiving's fireless cooker to her. (*APRIL FOOL darts behind screen and rolls out the fireless cooker.*)

THANKSGIVING.

(*Protestingly.*)

But I like the candy, too.

VALENTINE.

(*Clasping hands.*)

Oh, is the candy mine? (*CHRISTMAS DAY nods.*)  
Oh, I knew it! (*Takes box from THANKSGIVING.*)  
Now, where does the Blarney Stone go?

ST. PATRICK.

(*Taking stone.*)

Faith, and it's here, I'm a-thinkin'. (*Kisses it.*)  
A swate, pretty creathure like yeself wouldn't be  
afther needin' it.

VALENTINE.

(*Laughing.*)

It's beginning to work!

(*NEW YEAR fires pistol again.*)

CHRISTMAS DAY.

(*Leading him to FOURTH OF JULY.*)

Give that pistol to Fourth of July.

NEW YEAR.

But it's my present. (*FOURTH of JULY snatches pistol.*)



## LET'S PRETEND

---

### CHRISTMAS DAY.

No, it isn't. St. Patrick has on your cap. Run and get it. (NEW YEAR *obeys*.) Now, is everything all right? (*To all*.) Are the presents satisfactory?

ALL.

Just what we wanted!

CURTAIN.



**“IF DON’T-BELIEVE IS CHANGED  
INTO BELIEVE.”**





THE CHILD



DON'T BELIEVE



BELIEVE



SANTA CLAUS



JACK FROST



PIXY



RAINBOW FAIRY



GNOME



GOBLIN



FIREFLY



SANDMAN



ROCKABY LADY



**"IF  
DON'T-BELIEVE  
IS CHANGED  
INTO  
BELIEVE"**



**CHARACTERS.**

THE CHILD.  
DON'T-BELIEVE.  
BELIEVE.  
SANTA CLAUS.  
JACK FROST.  
RAINBOW FAIRIES  
(seven).

PIXIES (*seven*).  
GNOMES (*five*).  
GOBLINS (*five*).  
FIREFLIES (*five*).  
ROCKABY LADY.  
SANDMAN.

---

SCENE—*A Woodland.*

---

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Thirty Minutes.*

---

**STORY OF THE PLAY.**

The child, happy in her own little world, which is peopled by the characters of imagination and tradition, is suddenly beset by the spirit of Don't-Believe, who endeavors to shake her faith in these familiar and much-loved companions. The spirit Believe comes to the rescue, waves her magic scep-



ter, and brings to the very presence of the eager child a long train of those who have entrenched themselves in her affection.

---

## COSTUMES.

THE CHILD—Dainty white dress.

DON'T-BELIEVE—Boy's suit covered by loose, flowing black gown.

BELIEVE—Loose, flowing white gown, golden scepter.

SANTA CLAUS—Conventional Santa Claus suit.

JACK FROST—White cotton batting suit and cap, spangled.

RAINBOW FAIRIES—Fluffy white dresses, each with a scarf of one color of the rainbow. Gauze wings, slippers and stockings to match scarf.

PIXIES—Small boys. White suits, gauze wings (very small).

GNOMES—Overalls, dark shirts, slouch hats, shovels, picks and lanterns.

GOBLINS—Black suits with long trousers and loose coats. Tall, peaked hats. They carry jack-o'-lanterns.

FIREFLIES—Black tarlatan dresses, black wings, black slippers and stockings. They carry electric flashlights.

ROCKABY LADY—Long, loose white gown, festooned with poppies. Wreath of poppies. Carries poppies.

SANDMAN—Long brown trousers, brown coat, tall hat. Carries bag.

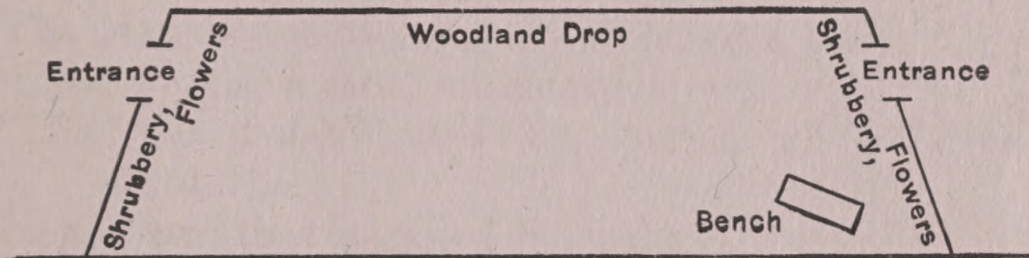


"IF DON'T-BELIEVE IS CHANGED INTO BELIEVE"

PROPERTIES.

Shrubbery, greenery, etc. Rustic bench. Book for Child. Scepter for Believe. Watch for Jack Frost. Bill-of-fare for Fourth Pixy. Book for Seventh Pixy. Shovels, picks, lanterns, etc., for Gnomes. Jack-o'-lanterns for Goblins. Flashlights for Fireflies. Poppies for Rockaby Lady. Bag filled with confetti for Sandman.

SCENE PLOT.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. U.* *E.*, right upper entrance; *L.*, left, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.







“IF DON’T-BELIEVE IS CHANGED INTO  
BELIEVE.”

SCENE: *A woodland. Entrances R. U. E. and L. U. E. Shrubbery, greenery, flowers, etc., at back and sides of stage. Rustic bench down L.*

*At rise of curtain, the CHILD is seated upon the bench, reading. The stage is well illuminated since it is afternoon.*

CHILD.

*(Reading.)*

The Man-in-the-Moon gaily whistled a tune  
As he winked a most mischievous eye.

“’Tis the hour,” said he, “when all children  
should be

In the land that is called Hushaby.

The Sandman is back—he opens his pack—

And the Rockaby Lady’s at hand

With poppies so red. Down droops ev’ry head;

All aboard for the Hushaby Land!”

The Man-in-the-Moon gaily whistled a tune,

“’Tis time for the fairies,” said he;

“The frolicking pixies, the rollicking nixies

May dance in their elfin glee,

May shout and sing in their fairy ring

’Neath my glimmering, shimmering light,

Till each goblin and gnome from his underground  
home

Will be drawn to the circle bright.”

The Man-in-the-Moon gaily whistled a tune,

“The heart of a child,” said he,

“Is a garden fair, and in beauty there



## LET'S PRETEND

---

The blossom of Faith we see;  
But the blossom will dry and will wither and die  
If the thistle of Doubt be sown,  
And for childish grief of an unbelief  
No knowledge can e'er atone."

*As the CHILD begins to read, DON'T-BELIEVE enters at L. U. E. and steals up quietly behind her. As she finishes the poem the CHILD closes the book and gazes thoughtfully before her. DON'T-BELIEVE creeps closer.*

DON'T-BELIEVE.

The Man-in-the-Moon! Is he really so?  
These fairies and gnomes! Do you really know?

*(CHILD rises, turns and faces him.)*

The Rockaby Lady—the Sandman, too—  
Do you think they are really, truly true?

CHILD.

*(Walking toward R.)*

Why have you come? *(Turns.)* Who are you?

DON'T-BELIEVE.

*(Bowing.)*

By your leave,  
I'll call myself the spirit, Don't-Believe!

CHILD.

I do not understand you. Go your way—  
Your words are strange—*(As DON'T-BELIEVE makes a low bow and starts to leave)*

Yet wait a moment. Stay.

*(DON'T-BELIEVE turns and takes a few steps toward her.)*



"IF DON'T-BELIEVE IS CHANGED INTO BELIEVE"

What do you mean by "Is he really so?"

Why should you ask me "Do you really know?"

DON'T-BELIEVE.

Because, whene'er I touch the eyes of youth,  
They open wide to wisdom and to truth.

CHILD.

*(Shrinking from him.)*

You shall not touch my eyes. I do not care  
To see your truth; your wisdom I'll not share.

DON'T-BELIEVE.

*(Whispering as he comes nearer.)*

There is no Moon-Man—he winks no eye—  
He whistles no tune 'way up in the sky!

CHILD.

You mock me—you are trying to deceive!

DON'T-BELIEVE.

*(Mockingly.)*

I am the spirit men call Don't-Believe!

CHILD.

*(Turning her back.)*

You shall not tell me more—I will not hear.

DON'T-BELIEVE.

*(Creeping up behind her.)*

You think that Christmas brings old Santa near,  
That pixies, fairies, gnomes and all their train  
Are round about. *(Snaps his fingers.)* Mere  
phantoms of the brain!

CHILD.

*(Turning and clasping her hands beseechingly.)*  
The Sandman and the Lady Rockaby?



## LET'S PRETEND

---

DON'T-BELIEVE.

*(Laughing.)*

You'll find there are no such people if you try.

CHILD.

If ev'rything is false—if nothing's true—  
How can you think that we'll believe in *you*?

DON'T-BELIEVE.

*(As he comes toward front of stage.)*

I am the spirit sought by ev'ryone;  
All listen ere my tale is half begun.  
The present age my messages receive,  
I am the spirit men call Don't-Believe!  
*(As he crosses to L. stage suddenly grows dark.)*

CHILD.

*(In fright.)*

What's happened? I'm afraid. Give me your  
hand.

This dreadful dark I cannot understand.  
Where are you, Don't-Believe?

*Stage grows light, revealing BELIEVE standing  
in DON'T-BELIEVE's place.*

CHILD.

Why are *you* here?  
I'm frightened—very frightened.

BELIEVE.

*(As she comes slowly toward CHILD.)*

Do not fear,  
For I come from the Land of Children's Faith  
Where the sky is a rainbow gleam,  
Where the clouds are isles of happy smiles,  
Where life is a summer dream;



"IF DON'T-BELIEVE IS CHANGED INTO BELIEVE"

Where each secret dale is a magic trail,  
Where the river's a silver mist,  
Where each tiny flow'r is a fairy's bower  
By the sun and the breezes kissed.  
Where Trust is king—where the fairies bring  
Their gift of eternal youth,  
Where each girl and boy finds the Fount of Joy  
In the heart of the Vale of Truth!

CHILD.

(*Wonderingly.*)

Where's Don't-Believe? (*As she looks around.*)  
I hope he's gone away.

BELIEVE.

Where *I* am, Don't-Believe can never stay.

CHILD.

(*Touching her.*)

Then, who are you? I wish you'd never leave.

BELIEVE.

I am the spirit whom men call Believe!

CHILD.

I like your words. (*Slips her hand into BELIEVE's.*)

I want to be with you.

And, tell me, pretty spirit, tell me true,  
Is there a Santa Claus? A fairyland?  
Is there a Sandman? and a pixy band?

BELIEVE.

Ah, Don't-Believe has left the shade of doubt—  
See (*draws circle*)—here's a fairy ring! We'll  
crowd him out!

CHILD.

But answer, first, my questions. Quick, I pray—



## LET'S PRETEND

---

BELIEVE.

Then watch me closely; list to what I say.

*(Impressively.)*

If I but wave my sceptre thrice—straightway  
A miracle will happen. You'll perceive  
The power of the spirit called Believe.

CHILD.

*(Eagerly.)*

You mean—I'll *see* them? really, truly *see*?

BELIEVE.

Yes—really. Now, who shall the first one be?

CHILD.

*(Jumping up and down.)*

Dear Santa Claus! The first of all the throng!

BELIEVE.

*(Waving her sceptre.)*

Come Santa Claus—and bring Jack Frost along!

*Auto horn sounds off stage. Enter SANTA  
CLAUS and JACK FROST at L. U. E.*

SANTA CLAUS.

*(Coming to C.)*

What speed, Jack Frost?

JACK FROST.

*(Looking at watch.)*

Five seconds, Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS.

We sure have busted all those speeding laws.  
Since first we bought this peerless Reindeer Six.

JACK FROST.

*(Coming to SANTA CLAUS' side.)*

It certainly has played us many tricks.



"IF DON'T-BELIEVE IS CHANGED INTO BELIEVE"

SANTA CLAUS.

(*To BELIEVE.*)

Look here, young lady, why this sudden call?

JACK FROST.

You took us straightway from the banquet hall.

BELIEVE.

Well—Don't-Believe has been here.

SANTA CLAUS.

(*Stroking his beard.*)

Oh, I see—

So he's been telling certain tales on me.

CHILD.

He laughed at fairies, pixies and their train,  
He said you were (*snapping her fingers*) a phantom  
of the brain!

SANTA CLAUS.

(*Laughing.*)

A phantom of the brain—well, that *is* queer.  
I'll prove he's wrong. (*Turns to CHILD.*) Just  
come and pinch me (*stretching out arm*)  
*here!* (*CHILD pinches his arm.*)

I feel quite solid, don't I?

CHILD.

(*Clapping hands.*)

Oh, I'm glad,

The loss of you would make me very sad.

SANTA CLAUS.

One thing remember, little maid, when men  
Shall speak against me and shall speak again,  
That Santa Claus will ever reign apart  
O'er ev'ry loving, trusting childish heart.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

JACK FROST.

So Santa Claus, you see, cannot be lost (*bowing*),  
And neither can your humble friend, Jack Frost!

CHILD.

(*Coming close to him.*)

Oh Jack Frost, do you really tweak my nose?  
And really pinch my fingers and my toes?

JACK FROST.

Indeed I do—and like to make you squeal.  
If you can't *see* me, I can make you *feel*!

CHILD.

And do you paint the window lacery?

JACK FROST.

Oh yes—and all the landscape tracery.  
Icicles made to order, any size!  
And diamond drops to dazzle people's eyes!  
I even made a veil for Mrs. Claus—

SANTA CLAUS.

It was a shiny thing of sparkly gauze!

JACK FROST.

(*Looking at watch.*)

Come, Santa, we must rush back to the city.  
You know you are to meet the Toy Committee.

(*Starts toward R. U. E.*)

SANTA CLAUS.

(*Starting off.*)

Why bless my soul, I had forgotten, quite—(*stops  
and turns to CHILD*)

I hope that I've made ev'rything all right.  
And that you know I'm really, truly true—



"IF DON'T-BELIEVE IS CHANGED INTO BELIEVE"

CHILD.

*(Joyfully.)*

Oh Santa Claus, I do, I do, *I do!* *(Auto horn sounds.)*

JACK FROST.

*(At R. U. E.)*

Come now, the chauffeur's horn we must be heeding  
Or else we all will be run in for speeding.

*(SANTA CLAUS hurries to JACK FROST. Exeunt.  
CHILD follows and looks off stage after them.)*

BELIEVE.

Next, after dear old Santa Claus, I'll call  
The Rainbow fairies to you—one and all.

CHILD comes down R. BELIEVE moves to C.  
and waves her sceptre. As her name is called, each  
fairy enters L. U. E. They form a circle around  
BELIEVE.

BELIEVE.

Violet Wing! Sapphire Spark! Azure Flash!  
Emerald Gleam! Sunny Lock! Golden Glow!  
Rose Leaf! *(BELIEVE breaks through circle and  
moves to side of CHILD down R.)*

Now, tell me, my elves of the rainbow way,  
What have you been doing the livelong day?

*(As each fairy speaks she comes forward, curt-  
seys before BELIEVE, then withdraws to back of  
stage, VIOLET WING standing nearest R. U. E.)*

VIOLET WING.

I have cheered a weary one till she smiled.

SAPPHIRE SPARK.

I have wafted a flower to a little child.

AZURE FLASH.

I have banished a dark and evil thought.



## LET'S PRETEND

---

### EMERALD GLEAM.

A cooling breeze to the sick I've brought.

### SUNNY LOCK.

I have strengthened a heart that is brave and true.

### GOLDEN GLOW.

I've whispered a beautiful thing to do.

### ROSE LEAF.

My message into a good deed grew!

*(The last fairy joins the other six who are standing at back of stage. They face R. U. E., point off stage, and say together.)*

### RAINBOW FAIRIES.

The gleam of the rainbow we circle 'round,  
The pot of gold at the end we've found.

And the gold, we know,

Is the happy glow

Of our helpful deeds in the world below! *(They face audience.)*

### BELIEVE.

*(Advancing to C. and waving sceptre.)*

Come hither, hither, busy Pixy Band—

Come join the Rainbow elves from Fairyland!

*Enter PIXIES, marching sedately, one behind the other. They stand at either side of BELIEVE.*

### BELIEVE.

And show this eager little mortal maid *(points to CHILD at R.)*

How Fairyland depends on Pixy aid!

*(As each PIXY speaks, he steps forward and bows before CHILD, then takes his place in a long line back of her, the first PIXY standing nearest the audience.)*



"IF DON'T-BELIEVE IS CHANGED INTO BELIEVE"

FIRST PIXY.

I nurse the baby roses through the night—  
Unless I did, they'd simply die of fright.

SECOND PIXY.

I put the shiny star dust on each star—  
Else you could never see it from afar.

THIRD PIXY.

I oversee and manage for each fairy  
The Cowslip, Buttercup and Milkweed Dairy!

FOURTH PIXY.

My magic brush and paint of every hue  
Can make the faded flowers as good as new.

FIFTH PIXY.

Behold the *chef* of Fairyland! With care  
I'll read to you my latest bill of fare! (*Reads.*)

*Breakfast*—Strawberries and dew.

*Luncheon*—Mushrooms—honey too.

*Dinner*—Cakes of flower dust.

Also—bits of violet crust.

SIXTH PIXY.

New life to drooping flowers, my herb roots bring,  
I bind each broken stem, each wounded wing.

SEVENTH PIXY.

I teach the fairies all their magic words,  
The tales on flower leaves—the songs of birds.  
And if you care to hear, the Rainbow elves  
Will answer all my questions by themselves.

(CHILD *nods assent. As he calls each name the  
fairy comes forward, curtseys, answers her ques-  
tion and returns to her place in line.*)

(*Calls.*)

Violet Wing!



## LET'S PRETEND

---

*(Opens book and reads.)*

If a rose put forth two leaves each hour, from morning star to sunset glow, how many leaves will there be?

VIOLET WING.

Twenty-four, sir.

SEVENTH PIXY.

Sapphire Spark! Trace the River of Dreams.

SAPPHIRE SPARK.

The River of Dreams rises in Sleepy State, flows south through Poppy Land and empties into the Gulf of Morning Light.

SEVENTH PIXY.

Azure Flash! Where is the Land of Heart's Desire?

AZURE FLASH.

In the Continent of Every Day.

SEVENTH PIXY.

Emerald Gleam! Bound Fairyland.

EMERALD GLEAM.

Fairyland is bounded on the north by the Dominion of Imagination; on the east by the River of Never-Grow-Old; on the south by the Hill of Magic; on the west by the Star of Hope.

SEVENTH PIXY.

Sunny Lock! Who are the enemies of Fairyland?

SUNNY LOCK.

The giant, Matter-of-Fact; the dragon, Grown-up; and the spirit, Don't-Believe.

SEVENTH PIXY.

Golden Glow! When was Fairyland founded?



"IF DON'T-BELIEVE IS CHANGED INTO BELIEVE"

GOLDEN GLOW.

In the beginning of Time.

SEVENTH PIXY.

Rose Leaf! What is the elfin password?

ROSE LEAF.

Believe! (SEVENTH PIXY joins his companions back of CHILD. Music sounds off stage.)

PIXIES.

(Turning toward fairies.)

What is that sound?

FAIRIES.

The wind harp's silver chime.

PIXIES.

A measure let us tread to fairy time!

(BELIEVE crosses to L. The pixies advance and stand before the fairies, backs to audience. Each pixy bows, each fairy curtsseys and they engage in a simple little dance, going off R. U. E., two by two.)

BELIEVE.

(Waving sceptre.)

Now listen. Can you hear a muffled sound?

The gnomes are climbing up from under ground.

CHILD rushes to L. U. E. and peers off stage, then backs toward R. U. E. and gnomes enter, one by one, in line, humped over and carrying lanterns, picks or shovels. They stand in line, near back of stage, put down their lanterns and drop their shovels.

FIRST GNOME.

(Turning to BELIEVE.)

Why do you summon us and blind my band  
With all the brightness of this upper land?



## LET'S PRETEND

---

BELIEVE.

*(Pointing to CHILD.)*

Because this little maid must know the worth  
Of what is done by elves below the earth.

*(CHILD advances and stands by first gnome,  
looking curiously at him.)*

FIRST GNOME.

*(To CHILD.)*

I have the little flower seeds to tend and keep.

*(CHILD moves to next gnome.)*

SECOND GNOME.

I cover roots through all their winter sleep.

*(CHILD moves to third gnome.)*

THIRD GNOME.

I watch the fire that warms the frozen ground.

*(CHILD moves to fourth gnome.)*

FOURTH GNOME.

I treasure ev'ry water drop that's found.

*(CHILD moves to fifth gnome.)*

FIFTH GNOME.

And I guard jewels—emeralds of youth—

Ruby of Ambition—gem of Truth.

Diamond of Power, and, undefiled,

A shining pearl, the emblem of a child.

FIRST GNOME.

*(Stepping out before them, back to audience.)*

*One!*

GNOMES.

*(Wheeling toward R.)*

We cannot stand this tiresome summer heat.

FIRST GNOME.

*Two!*



"IF DON'T-BELIEVE IS CHANGED INTO BELIEVE"

GNOMES.

*(Shouldering picks and shovels.)*

Our Pick and Shovel Baggage is complete.

FIRST GNOME.

*Three!*

GNOMES.

*(Picking up lanterns.)*

We'll all be marching back to Gnomes' Retreat!

*(Exeunt R. U. E., FIRST GNOME bringing up the rear. CHILD comes slowly to C. Stage grows darker.)*

BELIEVE.

*(Waving sceptre and moving back of bench.)*

Goblins! Fireflies! Come, it's almost dark.

Light the blackness by a fairy spark!

*Enter GOBLINS L. U. E. and circle about CHILD.*

FIRST GOBLIN.

You've heard of me. I'm called "I told you so!"

SECOND GOBLIN.

My name, if you should ask, is "I don't know."

THIRD GOBLIN.

I'm always 'round. You know me as "I can't."

FOURTH GOBLIN.

And I am a dreadful goblin. I'm "I shan't."

FIFTH GOBLIN.

And ev'rybody finds me ev'rywhere.

I'll whisper you my name. *(Whispers.)* 'Tis  
"I don't care!"

*(They seize the CHILD and drag her to front of stage.)*

GOBLINS.

For we are just the goblins you meet with ev'ry  
day,



## LET'S PRETEND

---

And we see the things you're doing and we hear  
the things you say;  
We love to be around you when you pout and  
frown and cry;  
We scamper when we hear you say, "I'd love to"  
and "I'll try."  
So if you really like us and keep wanting us about  
Some day we'll surely get you—if you—don't—  
watch—out!

*Enter FIREFLIES. As they rush toward the  
CHILD the GOBLINS scamper to back of stage.*

FIRST FIREFLY.

*(Taking CHILD's left hand.)*

I'm the good little deed you did one day.

SECOND FIREFLY.

*(Taking CHILD's right hand.)*

I'm the kind little word you often say.

THIRD FIREFLY.

*(Peeping over CHILD's left shoulder.)*

I'm your smile that is happy and bright and gay.

FOURTH FIREFLY.

*(Peeping over CHILD's right shoulder.)*

I'm the generous thought you sent away.

FIFTH FIREFLY.

*(In front of CHILD.)*

I'm the prayer that deep in your heart once lay.

FIREFLIES.

*(Flashing lights.)*

And so we fireflies glow, with wings unfurled,  
The good deeds in a naughty, naughty world.



"IF DON'T-BELIEVE IS CHANGED INTO BELIEVE"

(*The FIREFLIES join the GOBLINS. Two by two they circle the stage in fancy step and go off at R. U. E.*)

CHILD.

(*Following them and waving hand.*)

Good-bye! Good-bye! (*To BELIEVE.*) I hate to see them leave;

And yet I'm very weary, dear Believe.

(*She turns and comes toward BELIEVE. Stage grows light.*)

*Enter ROCKABY LADY L. U. E. She comes up softly behind CHILD.*

BELIEVE.

(*Pointing.*)

Hush! Look! (*CHILD turns.*)

ROCKABY LADY.

(*Taking CHILD's hand.*)

The Rockaby Lady is near;

She's creeping and stealing to you, my dear.

Her poppies she's bringing,

To each one is clinging

A sweet little dream that to you comes a-winging.

(*Leads CHILD to bench.*)

So—rest—(*CHILD sinks drowsily on bench*) for the Rockaby Lady is near.

She's creeping and stealing to you, my dear!

*Enter SANDMAN L. U. E. He comes softly to the bench where the CHILD lies.*

SANDMAN.

(*Opening bag.*)

Now wait till the Sandman throws—*this*—in her eyes. (*Throws sand.*)



## LET'S PRETEND

---

'Tis the sleep sand and dream dust of Shuteye  
Surprise;

And the glistening glimmer  
Will sparkle and shimmer  
Till daylight and sunshine grow dimmer and  
dimmer.

*(The CHILD falls asleep. ROCKABY LADY, SAND-  
MAN and BELIEVE leave her, one by one. After the  
stage has been clear for a few moments, she awak-  
ens, rubs her eyes and looks around.)*

CHILD.

I am alone. Where is the fairy band?  
Where is Believe? I cannot understand.

*(She suddenly rises, rushes to front of stage  
and addresses audience.)*

Do you believe in fairies? *(Clapping her hands  
after a few moments.)* Oh, you do!

And do you know that Santa Claus is true?

Then help me call them back; they'll never leave  
If Don't-Believe is changed into Believe!

*She runs to R. U. E., beckons, and two by two  
all the characters enter, circle the stage and exeunt.*

CURTAIN.







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